THE EVENING TELEGRAPH.

10 CENTS PER WEEK. DIXON, ILLINOIS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1893. TENTH YEAR, No. 2899

34! 36!

There is money to any lady whose Cloak measure is represented by either of the two above sizes. We have many, too many cloaks in sizes 34 and 36. We offer elegant garments in these sizes at much less than value.

S. G Austin & Co.

—Manager J. C. Jocelyn, of the Fargo Shoe Factory, has recently been a sufferer from rheumatism and this morning, with his wife, he started for Mt. Clements, Mich., where he will take the bath treatment given there.

—Capt. Jake Hoopstittler is well known in Dixon. Twelve or fifteen years ago he was prominent as a temperance lecturer, and was influential in inducing many to forsake their drinking habits. He himself felt that he was strong in his will power and could deny his desire for liquor; but about every six or eight months he was compelled by his physical condition to return to his home and under the care of a physician supply himself with liquor. At last he became convinced that his condition was a disease and not to be cured by will power. Two years ago he took the cure at the Bedal institute at Polo, and from that day to this the desire for liquor has been eradicated from his system. Sunday afternoon and Monday evening at the opera house he will give something of his experience.

TRY TRADING DURING 1893,

At TILLSON & HAYDEN'S, 116 Galena Avenue, who are Head-Quarters for Lamps, Pure Drugs, Wall Paper, Paints, Oils, Curtains, and Supplies for the sick. Give Tillson & Hayden a call and you will never regret t.

TILLSON & HAYDEN, Progressive Pharmacists.

GO TO——

Chiverton & Heckman

The Leading Photographers, for your

CRAYON ENLARGEMENTS!

Or anything in the Photograph line.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED!

Over City National Bank.

THE REASON WHY

Everybody buys their Diamonds! Watches! Silverware! OF

S. S. DODGE, The Jeweler.

Is because he keeps the Largest and Finest Assortment, sells at the Lowest Cash Prices, and everything can be relied upon as being what it is represented.

Cor. First St., and Hennepin Ave.

LADIES' USE THE

HOOSIER CURLING FLUID,

It will not only keep the hair in curl during the warmest or dampest weather, but it is the best tonic in assisting new hair to grow and keeping it soft and glossy.

H. E. DONALSON, 12 First St.

IF YOUR WATCH

Is not giving you good service bring it to G. O. Wendel, the Watchmaker and Jeweler, 160 Galena Avenve, and have it attended to in the right manner.

WE CAN DO YOUR WORK ON SHORT NOTICE

And warrant it to give entire Satisfaction. Prices reasonable. Remember the place,

G. O. WENDEL, Watchmaker and Jeweler.

160 GALENA AVENUE.

TINWARE!

Hand-Made and Chicago Made.

HARDWARE, CUTLERY AND EDGE TOOLS!

H. E. KENNEDY,

Telephone Number 72.

20 TO 40 PER CENT. DISCOUNT

Guitars, Banjo's, Violins, Accordeons,

And all Musical Instruments, until all are sold.

Trust Us With Your Repairing.

KEWIN, The Jeweler, EAST FIRST ST. (In with Yates.)

—Conductor John Barge is home today.

—The small boy pronounces the sliding just right.

—S. A. Kilburn is laid away in bed for a few days.

—Adam G'ein of Bradford is in town on business today.

—Mrs. S. G. Campbell is considerably improved in health today.

—The First street gutter is being cleaned of snow and ice to day.

—Miss Elizabeth Biery, of Carthage, Illinois, is visiting Mrs. A. L. Miller.

—Dr. E. B. Owens has been a sufferer from tonsilitis for the past few days

—Mr. and Mrs. R C. Boyd will entertain the Ladies Cinque Club this evening.

—Otis Heberling, of the D B U., is now acting as stenographer in C. B. Morrison's law office.

—Miss Kittie Dawson, of Leavenworth, Kansas, is the guest of her cousin, Miss May Hyde of this city.

—The members of the Womans' Relief Corps are requested to meet next Monday afternoon at two o'clock.

—Miss May Mishler, of the D. B. U., will soon assume a position at Dundee with D Hill, nurseryman.

—The "True Blue,' company had a full rehearsal last night. They meet again to-night at Firemen's Hall.

—Mrs. Fish who lives with her daughter. Mrs. W. H. Gray on West Third street is visiting in Amboy.

—The secretary of the State Board of Health reports a case of small-pox in Nokomis, Montgomery county.

—Mrs. N. C. Stitsell, of Clinton, Iowa, is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Stewart, in West Dixon.

—Carl Brown went to Chicago this morning, whence he will go on a week's business tour through Nebraska.

—Supt. Wasley's men are repairing broken water pipes on Peoria avenue in front of C. H. Noble's residence.

—Nicholas Plein is out to be elected alderman in the Third ward A petition to that effect is being signed to-day.

—The young ladies in the tableau of the play, "True Blue," will meet in Schuler Hall Monday afternoon at 4:30.

—Miss Blanche Moyer, now of Rockford, is visiting her sister, Miss Clara Moyer, the secretary of the Dixon College.

—Emanuel Hill is quite ill at his home in West Dixon. His sister-in-law, Miss. Mattie Seybert is still very low at the same house.

—A fine, large smokestack is being placed in position to day at the electric light mill. A man from Chicago is superintending the work.

—Mrs. Ezra Emmert, who has been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. J. M Julien, departed this morning for her new home at Downer's Grove, near Chicago.

—A runaway horse, attached to a cutter, came off Hennepin avenue and ran east on First street about six o'clock last evening. We hear of no damage done.

—The fourth week of the legislative session has ended at Springfield, without adding a single law to the statutes of Ill although over five hundred bills have been introduced.

—At a recent social event among the "four hundred" of this city a young man in full dress was known to have a pistol in his hip pocket. That young man needs a spanking.

—Mrs. Dr. M. J. Hill returned to her home in Sterling today after a three days visit with her sister Mrs. C. C. Edson, who is recovering from her recent injury of a fractured rib

—Illinois out numbers all States in miles of railroad. It has 10,276 miles of main track and branches, and 4,401 miles of other tracks, yard tracks, etc, making a total of 14,677 miles.

—M. B. Thrift, vice-president of the Metropolitan Accident Insurance Co., is out from Chicago on a visit with Ed. P. Maxwell. These gentlemen became acquainted at Beatrice, Neb.

—Two valuable razors belonging to Roy Houstan, the tonsorial apprentice and erstwhile aeronaut, were stolen from W. C. B. Shelton's barber shop this morning. A suspicious individual is spotted.

—The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Honey, who live three miles east of town, will be pleased to know that their eight weeks old daughter is recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia.

—Rev. S. F. Entorf, P. E. of Mendota Dist. will preach tonight at the A. O. U. W. hall and tomorrow morning and evening Rev. Entorf has a reputation as an earnest, pungent, practical expounder of the Holy Word. Come and hear him.

—The finales of the Scientific class of '93 of the N. I. N. S. will be given next Monday and Tuesday evenings in Chapel Hall. This is the largest and best Scientific class that the school has ever had. Every one interested in the work should hear the exercises. All are invited.

—At nine o'clock this morning Rev. C. A Bunker, of Freeport, formerly of Dixon, preached the funeral sermon of Geo. F. Wilson, who died Thursday in his 93d year. Mr. Wilson was one of the very early settlers of Northern Illinois, having been a resident of Freeport for nearly fifty years.

—At the last meeting of the K. A. E. O. it was decided to hold a rather unique basket sociable Thursday evening Feb. 9th. The ladies will bring baskets containing refreshments for two, which will be disposed of by auction, the gentleman purchaser to eat supper with the lady who furnished his basket.

—John E Moyer brought to Dixon this morning some vegetables cultivated at his place, which are rare for January. He supplied J. H. Morris & Son's store with rhubarb, and C. C. Godfrey has some radishes from his hot-house. Our stores have lettuce and other vegetables on sale even at this season of the year.

Amateur Minsrrels.

The minstrel show presented last year by our musical and dramatic young men was so successful financially and so popular socially that the company has decided to give another performance this year. Last night the boys met for organization in the Fargo band rooms. There were about twenty present, nearly all of whom had participated in last years entertainment. The affair will be under the dramatic management of Prof. W. H. Smith, and Eli Rosenthal will act as business manager. New features will be introduced and we are confident that the performance will be a grand success Smith's full orchestra will assist the boys n the undertaking. THE TELEGRAPH hopes that the efforts of this talented company of young men will be appreciated by our people.

Circuit Court.

The jury in the railroad damage suit was discharged last night until Monday morning. One of the points in dispute in this case is whether or not, a locomotive engine can move with no one on it and with the throttle turned off. A number of expert engineers will testify Monday upon this question. Court was in session this morning and a few motions and arguments were heard. Cases were disposed of as follows:

In the notorious slander suit of Mary Shaw vs. Sylvester Shaw, a montion for a new trial was made.

George C. Ackland vs C. E Patton, attachment. Proofs of publication approved. Defendant defaulting, damages were assessed by the court at $275 and judgement issued for that amount.

Mary Shaw vs. James Shaw, separate maintenance. Motion by defendant for modification of order to pay alimony.

J. F. Edwards vs. Lena Litz et al. Partition. Defendants ruled to appear by next Monday morning.

Judge Baker vs. Senator Palmer.

At the time of the tragic troubles at Homestead, Pa., Senator Palmer took occasion to give aid and comfort to the anarchistic element of this country by a speech in congress in which he said that the owner of large manufacturing establishments, railroads, etc, "hereafter must be regarded as holding their property subject to the correlative rights of those without whose services the property would be utterly valueless." He stated further that the laborers at Homestead had "the right to insist upon the permanency of their employment."

These views have recently been tersely commented on and controverted by Judge Baker of the United States District Court of Indiana, who takes the same views of such outbreaks as was held by THE TELEGRAPH on that occasion. Some switchmen who were out on a strike were before him for contempt of court in having paid no attention to an order of the Judge directing them not to interfere with the movement of trains. The Judge said he recognized fully the right of men to organize when they deemed it expedient to do so. He had no criticism to make if they organized to do anything which was within the pale of the law. But, said he, men must not imagine that because they were organized in association they had the right to seize property or by intimidation to prevent others who wanted to do so from working. To quote his language: "In my judgement it is no less criminal for an organized body of men to commit these wrongs than it would be for a single man, armed with a bludgeon or revolver, to commit the same wrongs upon the persons or property of others. These combinations are infinitely worse than isolated violation of the law in that they teach general disregard and contempt of law. They make people think that human rights are of no value. They teach the fantastic and monstrous doctrine that a man who is hired to labor and is paid for his work has some sort of equitable right in the property of his employer, together with a right of perpetual employment. It has been said on the floor of the United States Senate that the laborer has a sort of an equitable lien on the property of the man for whom he works, whose money bought the property together with the right of prepetual employment. It may do for men that are reckless of the welfare of human society, who care nothing for its peace and good order, to imperil life, property, and liberty, and the perpetuity of our institutions by teaching such doctrines, but the Judge who tolerates it ought to be stripped of his grown and driven from the scared temple of justice."

—The Wizard Oil Co, will give their farewell performance this evening on which occasion they will present a grand double bill. During their stay of two weeks they have amused and benefitted large crowds each evening - amused with their pleaseing music and specialties and benefitted with their ecxellent remedies which they sell Wizard Oil has a National reputation and a number of our people who have tried it, have given their testimonials to H. W. Wilder, the gentlemanly manager, of the company, and declare that it has no equal. Tonight will be given away a beautiful silver water pitcher and an elegant diamond

—Illinois has a remarkable future as a horticultural state considering its wonder stretch in latitude and variety of soil. Its ful possibilities are only beginning to be appreciated; specially is this true of the southern portion. As a grain and stock producing state the western competition has thrown it in the background. Illinois already leads all other states in the production of small fruits. It can and should be second to none in its tree fruit production. The demand for fruit is growing at a greater rate than our population.

We hope that the fruit growers of our great state may be able to exhibit to the gaze of all the world at Chicago next season, such a display of the products of their labor as will place us in the lead of horticultural states. We trust that our legislature, which is now in session, will be sufficiently far-sighted and liberal to back up such an exhibit with a liberal appropriation.

C. H. HUGHES & CO.,

Real Estates, Loans & Insurance,

Dixon, Illinois.

J. H. PRESCOTT,

Architect, Dixon, Illinois.

Plans, Specifications and Contracts drawn on short notice. Designs of modern and moderate costs furnished at very reasonable prices.

J. H. PRESCOTT,

FIRE! FIRE!!FIRE!!!

A wise man will insure against Fire, insure against Accident, insure against Death, insure with us. A wise man will call on us to buy or sell Real Estate.

LOVELAND & STITELEY

Loveland Big'd. First and Hennepin Sts.

Read This!

I have some Real Bargains in Real Estate on hand just at present. If you are contemplating a purchase in that line you will make a mistake if you don't see me.

F. E. WRIGHT,

Insurance and Real Estate, Brown Bldg.

SECOND-HAND

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN

—For Sale—

AT A BARGAIN!

—At—

T. J. MILLER'S Music Store,

11 EAST FIRST STREET.

WM. BECK & SONS,

FASHIONABLE TAILORS!

A complete line of

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC WOOLENS

——FOR——

Fall and Winter!

Wm. Beck & Sons

No. 173 Galena Avenue.

Now Is The Time To Get

Buggies Repaired

Place Your Orders for

NEW WORK.

PAUL C. LORD.

WE Want You to Know

That our Stock of

Lamp Goöds

Is going at Cost.

D. S. HORTON, Prescription Druggist, Dixon, Illinois

O. H. BROWN.

A great special sale of Linens, Flannels, White Flannels, Table Linens, Towels, White Goods and Embroideries; all new good.

The best line of Black Dress Goods in the city. See our new Spring Dress Goods before you buy.

Ferris Corset Waist, Jackson Waists, Thompsons Glove-fitting Corsets, P. D. Corsets, Rabo Corsets, Dr. Warner's Corsets; all kinds, at lowest prices.

New Mattings and New Carpets.

Great sale of shoes to make room for the largest and best stock of clothing ever shown in Lee County.

See our $1.98 Shoe, worth $3.00.

O. H. BROWN.

TRY OUR

IMPERIAL FLOUR!

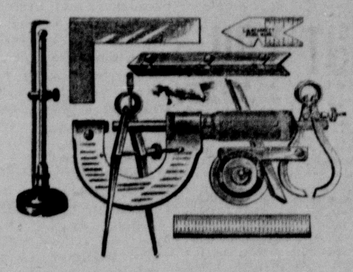
It is Without an Equal.

Every Sack Guaranteed!

J. H. MORRIS & SON.

FINE MECHANICAL TOOLS

For Carpenters, Machinists and Amateurs' Use!



MACHINIST AND FACTORY SUPPLIES!

ALEXANDER & HOWELL,

Telephone 51. 112 Galena Ave

Down Go The Prices!

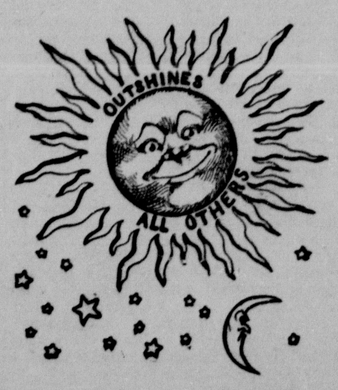
Until February 1st. Invoicing now; must be reduced. Our Special Bargains are on

Dress Goods, Table Linens, Furs, Knit Goods,

Murlin Underwear, Embroideries, Merino Underwear, Blankets and Flannels.

10 TO 20 PER CENT. DISCOUNT ON CARPETS!

Brubaker & Carpenter.



LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE!

If you have a good thing let others know of it. We have the justly celebrated ORANGE BLOSSOM FLOUR, awarded first premium at Minnesota State Fair in 1892. Better than ever.

:-----ONCE USED ALWAYS USED!

I. B. COUNTRYMAN,: Galena Ave.

TELEPHONE NUMBER 4.

CITY NATIONAL BANK.

SAMUEL C. BELLS, Pres.
J. W. CRAWFORD, Vice-Pres.
LEONARD ANDRUS, Cashier.
CHAS. E. CHANDLER, Asst. Cash.

This bank is fully equipped to take care of its customers. Its safety deposit vaults and boxes should be patronized by everybody who desires absolute security for their valuable papers, jewelry, &c.

F. E. MORRIS,

DENTIST. All work warranted first-class Office over G. D. Laing's, 119 Galena St.

L. J. POLLOCK,

DENTIST, Opera Block, "established in Dixon eleven years." Full Set of best Teeth $8.00; extracting 25cts. All fillings and operations much lower than present prices.

J. W. STEPHENS,

DENTIST, has practiced in Dixon 24 years. Satisfaction guaranteed. Prices moderate. OFFICE—Corner Main and Galena Ave.

C. McBRIDE,

PAINTS everything. Floors, ceilings, signs, houses—outside and inside. Wall papering done quickly and well. 161 Dixon avenue.

GLENFIELD BROS.

ARCHITECTS. Dixon, Illinois. Office, Brown's Block.

COLUMBIA BARBER SHOP.

DON'T fail to call at the Columbia Barber Shop when in need of tonsorial work. John Heft and Will Drynan, operators, 158 Galena avenue

SALARY OR COMMISSION

To agents to handle the Patent Chemical Ink Erasing Pencil. The most useful and novel invention of the age. Erases ink thoroughly in two seconds. Works like magic. 200 to 500 per cent. profit. Agents make $50 per week. We also want a general agent to take charge of territory, and appoint sub agents. A rare chance to make money. Write for terms and sample of erasing. Monroe Eraser Co., X 606 LaCross, Wis. 8m1*

WANTED.

DRESS MAKING.—Anyone desiring sewing done by the day please call at 330 West Third street.
95w4 AMELIA PARKER.

A LIVE MAN OR WOMAN in every county where we have not already secured a representative to sell our "Nevada Silver" Solid Metal Knives, Forks and Spoons to consumers: a solid metal as white as silver: no plate to wear off: goods guarnteed to wear a lifetime: cost about one-tenth that of silver: the chance of a lifetime: agents average from $50 to $100 per week and meet with ready sales every where, so great is the demand for our Solid Metal Goods. Over One Million Dollars worth of goods in daily use. Case of samples Free. SILVERWARE CO
11&99w4 133 Essex St., Boston, Mass.

$5 to $15 per day at home, selling lightning Plasters and plating jewelery, watches, tableware, &c. Plates the finest of jewelry good as new, on all kinds of medal with gold, silver or nickle. No experience, No capital. Every house has goods needing plating.
54tf7e-o-d E. K. DELNO, Columbus, O.

WOODSAWING. A. H. KIMES, 263 Hennepin Ave. 38tf

FOR SALE

AN OIL STOVE HEATER, cheap. Call at store. C. A. LUCAS. 99w1

37 ACRE FRUIT FARM, situated 1½ miles south-west of North-western depot.
10&63w3 F. A. ALBRIGHT, Dixon, Ill.

CHICAGO LAWN LOTS Buy while the prices are way down. Easy terms or trade for a good house in Dixon. Prospectus and maps sent free.
ROCKFORD SECURITY & INVESTMENT CO.
S. Fletcher Weyburn, Mn'g., Rockford, Ill.
&w

HARD COAL BURNER, used only three months and as good as new.
34tf MRS. M. CAHILL.

FOR RENT.

HOUSE AND STABLE. Inquire of
84tf VICTOR SCHATZMAN.

FURNISHED ROOM. Call after four o'clock at 261 Peoria avenue.
47tf MRS. J. H. MILLER.

BARGAINS.

Our Chicago lots are still selling, and you can make money by buying of us. Write for maps, terms, etc.
ROCKFORD SECURITY AND INVESTMENT CO.
200tf S. F. WEYBURN, Mgr.

BEER.

In quart or pint bottles will be delivered to any part of the city from Keystone sample rooms. Telephone No. 74 12tf

If you wish to advertise anything anywhere at any time write to GEO. P. ROWELL & Co., No. 10 Spruce St., New York. 39

WANTED ACTIVE, INTELLIGENT GENTLEMEN of large acquaintance to represent the Safety Fund. Handsome income. Address, with reference, Manager, 447 Rookery, Chicago, Ill. 91m1*

WE WANT YOU

to act as our agent. We furnish an expensive outfit and all you need free. It costs nothing to try the business. We will treat you well, and help you to earn ten times ordinary wages. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Any one any where can earn a great deal of money. Many have made **Two Hundred Dollars a Month.** No class of people in the world are making so much money without capital as those at work for us. Business pleasant, strictly honorable, and pays better than any other offered to agents. You have a clear field, with no competition. We equip you with everything, and supply printed directions for beginners which, if obeyed faithfully, will bring more money than will any other business. Improve your prospects! Why not? You can do so easily and surely at work for us. Reasonable industry only necessary for absolute success. Famphlet circular giving every particular is sent free to all. Delay not in sending for it.
GEORGE STINSON & CO.,
Box No. 488, Portland, Me.

JOHN WENGER,

—DEALER IN—

FLOUR

(Imperial and other brands)

FEED!
HAY!
GRAIN!
ETC.

JOHN WENGER,
Cor. First and Peoria Ave.

Holiday Offerings in

Real Estate.

We make a Specialty of Low Priced Lots. Among them are

Lots in Fargo Addition, $100. upward.
Lots West End Addition, $200. upward.
Lots near Chicago Road and only five blocks from Court House $175 upward
One elegant corner in North Dixon, $600.
One good corner in North Dixon $300.
One Boarding Stable.
Houses for sale in all parts of the city.

—o—

JULIEN & WARNER

We Wish to be Alive
When the Spring Flowers Bloom Again,

And so we propose to keep in trim
by vigorous exercise . . .

In Pushing Trade Ahead of Us
This Nice Cold Weather.

Winter Suitings,
Overcoats,
Underwear,
Neckwear.

These goods are going and you had better take them ere they disappear.

JAMES H. TODD & SON,
118 Galena Avenue.

HARD AND SOFT COAL!

WE AIM TO

Deliver Promptly!

Leave Orders for Wood,

Lime, Cement, &c.

Geo. R. Woodruff,
No. 252 Third Street.

C. GONNERMAN,
Furniture and Undertaking, 1st St.

Brown

—MAKES THE—

FINEST GRADE OF PHOTOGRAPHS
IN THE CITY.

—o—

Crayon enlargement in CEPIA or BLACK.

—o—

Studio and Gallery
116 GALENA AVENUE.

ETERNITY'S SLEEP

Ends the Vigil at the Couch of J. G. Blaine.

THE DREADED CALL COMES AT LAST

At Mid-Day the "Great Commoner" Lays Down the Burden of Existence.

Death "Ravels Up the Sleave of Care" and Makes a Nation Mourner O'er the Dust and Ashes of Her Great Son—The Passing Comes With Stealthy Steps, But Not Without Premonition—His Loved Ones Watch the Ebb of Life as the Husband and Father Sinks Softly to His Last Long Rest—Congress Pays Tribute to His Memory, and Sorrow Is Everywhere.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—The watch at James Gillespie Blaine's bedside is over and death has at last insisted on the full measure of his claim. At 11 a. m. yesterday, the "great commoner" passed from unconsciousness to the sleep of eternity and the long struggle was over. It took little time for the news to spread all over the city and hardly more for the lightning to tarry it to the ends of the earth. For the press was watching and waiting and as soon as the announcement was made, the telegraph was put to work sending the news everywhere. One thing noticeable was that, notwithstanding the fact that the event had been expected for weeks, it came with a shock when it did come and at no time since the death of Abraham Lincoln have official circle been so impressed.

Warned of Death's Approach.

Mr. Blaine's death at the last came painlessly and quietly, but not without premonition. The attending physicians have said repeatedly in these later days, since hope of recovery was abandoned, that when the end came it would probably occur with at least two or three hours' warning. This one announcement at least, among many perplexing and contradictory statements, has been verified by facts. The approach of death was made evident to the family fully two hours before its actual occurrence. It was between 8 and 9 o'clock yesterday morning when the first dangerous symptoms were observed. The family had taken their breakfast and the trained nurse, Mrs. Price, had gone down for her breakfast, also, leaving the patient temporarily alone.

The Nurse Notes a Change.

James G. Blaine, Jr., had put on his hat and coat preparatory to starting off for his day's duties in the office of the Pennsylvania Railroad company when his mother suggested to him that it would be better to wait till the nurse came up. He promptly acquiesced. Mr. Blaine had passed a restless night and had been pronounced "not so well" even by his cautious physicians. But beyond a perceptible increase of the langour which had marked his condition during the past few days there was no very alarming change to be noted. When the nurse returned from her breakfast, however, her experienced eye at once saw that the end was drawing near.

Nitro-Glycerine Has No Effect.

Both physicians were immediately telephoned for and arrived within a few minutes of each other. The powerful heart stimulant, nitro-glycerine, which had several times before brought the patient back out of the dark valley of death, was powerless now. Dr. Hyatt at 9:30 came out and said to the group of waiting newspaper men that he feared the end was at hand. In the meantime all the family had been summoned into the death chamber—Mrs. Blaine, the devoted wife; Miss Hattie Blaine, his unmarried daughter; Mrs. Damrosch, his married daughter; James G. Blaine, Jr., his only surviving son, and Miss Dodge (Gail Hamilton), his cousin.

Watched His Life Ebb Away.

In silent, tearful sorrow they witnessed the closing scenes. The patient lay so quietly that even the doctors were hardly able to say when he died. No word of consciousness, no look of recognition had passed. At 10:45 he lay so still that the window shades were raised to give more light to enable the physicians to determine if life still lingered. Fifteen minutes later they proclaimed him dead. The physicians have officially made public the cause of death as Bright's disease, aggravated by tubercular disease of the lungs and followed by heart failure.

President and Cabinet Call.

Young Mr. Blaine was in the act of writing a note to President Harrison to inform him of the event when the president himself arrived, accompanied by his private secretary and Secretary of State Foster. All the rest of the cabinet quickly followed and the excitement throughout the city became general as the news spread. Both houses of congress adjourned and the former associates of the ex-senator and ex-speaker of both political parties united in eloquent tributes to his memory. A public funeral was suggested, but the wishes of the family prevailed and the ceremonies will be of a private nature.

CONGRESS HONORS HIS MEMORY.

Both Houses Adjourn in Sadness—Eulogistic Remarks.

The senate met yesterday morning in the gloom which the intelligence of Mr. Blaine's death, an hour before noon, naturally cast over the body and over the Capitol. The sad event was appropriately noted in the opening prayer of Chaplain Butler. As soon as the reading of Thursday's journal was completed Hale, one of the deceased statesman's closest friends, rose and announced the death. He said:

"MR. PRESIDENT: We are again summoned into the presence of death. A very great man has passed from this earth. Hon. James G. Blaine died in his house in this city at 11 o'clock this morning. His long illness had, in some measure, prepared us for that; but the dread event will carry sadness and mourning throughout all the United States and will awaken interest and sorrow wherever civilized man lives on the face of the globe.

Belonged to the Whole Country.

"Mr. Blaine's career was so remarkable and his public services were so great that in all the histories which may be written of his times he will stand as the central figure not only as to his own country, but on policies and subjects that affected other great nations. He belonged, Mr. President, not to any one state, but to all the country; and Pennsylvania, which gave him birthplace and nurtured him, and Maine, where he made his home and where he became her first citizen, and which filled his lap with all the honors which she could bestow, mourn him no more today than do the dwellers by the shores of the great gulf and in the cabins of the far sierras. This is no time or place for me to speak in detail of his distinguished public life.

Proposes a New Precedent.

"He was for years a distinguished member on the floor of the house of representatives of the nation, and for six years presided there as its speaker. His services in this chamber covered years. He was twice secretary of state and was until of late a member of the present administration. I do not think there is one senator here who will not deem it flitting, in view of these facts and of the fact that he died where his last peaceful look from his chamber window might embrace this Capitol, where his voice had been so many times heard, that we make a precedent at this time, and that although Mr. Blaine was at the time of his death a private citizen, this body take immediate adjournment."

Cockrell Moves Adjournment.

Cockrell said: "In view of the announcement by the senator from Maine of the sad event which has just occurred under the very shadow of the national Capitol and as a further respect to the memory of the illustrious dead, I move that the senate do now adjourn."

The vice president put the motion and at 12:20 declared the senate adjourned for the day.

The House Chaplain's Prayer.

In the house the chaplain said in his opening prayer:

"O, eternal God: We stand before Thee profoundly moved as the news comes to the Capitol and flies through the land that a great man and a prince among the people has ended his earthly career. Rich in the manifold gifts with which Thou hadst endowed him, tireless in energy, devoting himself for a generation to the service of the land, holding men to him by bonds stronger than steel, winning for himself the hearty affection and confidence of millions of his fellow-citizens, such a place as has rarely been held by any man, he passes from us, mourned, honored, loved—his memory a fragrance in this house and throughout the capital and throughout the nation."

Milliken Announces the Event.

Some routine business followed and then amid profound silence Milliken rose and said:

"MR. SPEAKER: It becomes my sad duty to announce to this house the death of James G. Blaine. Mr. Blaine was for fourteen years a prominent and leading member of this house. For six years he was the distinguished speaker of the house. Every position he has filled he has gilded with the light of genius, and he has given to the public service for a generation such devotion, and such industry and such labor as has brought him to his death today. I doubt not that every member of this house will be glad to pay him a tribute of respect by an adjournment."

Remarks by Holman.

Holman said: "MR. SPEAKER: The deaths which have been announced so recently of illustrious citizens, may well bring to our minds the words of the Hebrew king, 'How are the mighty fallen.' The death of James G. Blaine will profoundly impress the sensibilities of the country. A great man is dead. He laid the foundation of his fame in this city. Here were his great and early triumphs. How often have we heard in this hall the tones of his ringing eloquence? Great in statesmanship—known not only to our country but to the statesmen of the civilized world. And not only great in statesmanship, not only one of the illustrious characters which have illustrated the value of free institutions, but beyond that he was great in the field of literature.

Blaine as a Historian.

"As the historian of the grandest epoch in the history of the world he did his work well. His history, covering a period of years, will go down to posterity as one of the brightest illustrations of the period in which he lived and of the grandest events of which he was a part. It would seem, Mr. Speaker, to be eminently proper and fitting that with the announcement of his death here, in this the theatre of his great achievements, this house out of respect to his memory should adjourn. I therefore move that the house do now adjourn."

The motion was agreed to, and accordingly at 12:32 p. m. the house adjourned.

TRIBUTES OF THE CABINET.

Facts Regarding His Resignation—Relations with Harrison.

Among the cabinet officers there was one unanimous expression of regret. Secretary Noble said: "James G. Blaine died within three days of the 63d anniversary of his birth and little less than thirty years from the time he entered congress, on the first Monday of December, 1863. During this long and eventful period he held the attention and commanded the respect of his countrymen to a most extraordinary degree—more, I think, than any other political leader save Lincoln or Clay." He considered him great as statesman and leader, and also as an author, ranking "Twenty Years in Congress" very highly.

History of the Famous Resignation.

And right here seems to be a good place to state the facts of Mr. Blaine's resignation from the cabinet, as vouched for by one who was intimeatly associated with the Maine leader and statesman. This gentleman said: "At 12 o'clock of the day Mr. Blaine's resignation was given out he had no idea of resigning from the cabinet. He had a meeting on that day with the Canadian commissioners on the Welland canal question. It was said afterwards that Mr. Blaine had resigned because he and John W. Foster got into a controversy in the presence of the Canadians and Mr. Foster informed them that Mr. Blaine was misrepresenting the policy of the United Stats and the wishes of the president.

Denial of a Widely-Spread Story.

"That is absolutely false. Mr. Blaine himself at the meeting of the commissioners informed them that it was useless for them to talk about the matter any further; that they had simply got to surrender their claims and to treat American vessels just the same as they treated Canadian vessels or they need go no further. Mr. Foster agreed with Mr. Blaine and they walked home arm in arm. They were then and have been ever since good friends.

What Really Did the Business.

When Mr. Blaine reached home he found some one had marked a lot of interviews which had been telegraphed from Minneapolis and printed in several papers. They accused Mr. Blaine of betraying the president and with using his place in the cabinet as a cover for a conspiracy to defeat the president and secure the nomination. The interviews wound up by declaring that if Mr. Blaine was an honorable man he would have resigned from the cabinet.

Relations with the President.

Under the heat of indignation over these interviews Mr. Blaine wrote his resignation and he has since told his friends that there were never but two occasions of difference between himself and the president and that they had been fully explained and satisfactorily settled.

Opinions of the Secretaries.

Secretary of State Foster said Blaine's diplomatic correspondence will rank among the best of his political productions.

Foster of the treasury said that without doubt he possessed the respect, confidence and affection of the American people more than any man of his time.

Attorney General Miller: "No personality in this country has been more strongly impressed upon his contemporaries. Like what was said of Daniel Webster by an old friend—the world will be lonesome without Blaine."

Elkins—"Blaine was a wonderful man and wonderfully gifted."

Wanamaker—"As an all-round statesman his name will always be cherished with the greatest Americans."

Rusk—"He will always be one of the most conspicuous figures in the political history of this country."

Proclamation by the President.

The president as soon as he had returned to the White House from his visit to Mr. Blaine issued a proclamation announcing the death, reciting the salient points of Mr. Blaine's career and paying a tribute to his services to the country. He ordered that on the day of the funeral all the executive departments be closed, and that on all public buildings throughout the country the national flag be displayed at half mast, and that for a period of thirty days the department of state be draped in mourning.

WILL BE BURIED IN OAK HILL.

Arrangements for the Funeral—Tributes of Old Colleagues.

The funeral will be held at the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant, where Mr. Blaine was a pew-holder, on Monday morning. Dr. Hamlin, who officiated at the funeral of Mrs. Harrison and her father, will conduct the services. The body will be interred in Oak Hill cemetery, a beautiful resting place of the dead situated on the slopes of Rock Creek banks in Georgetown. Although Mr. Blaine's name and fame are inseparably connected with the state of Maine, but one of his family lies under its soil. His eldest son and daughter, Walker Blaine and Mrs. Coppinger, are interred in Oak Hill in a lot that the dead man himself selected and purchased three years ago. When the body of Walker Blaine lay in the house awaiting interment Mr. Blaine, accompanied by a friend, walked over to Oak Hill and selected the lot in which his well-beloved son was placed and which soon afterward received the body of Mrs. Coppinger.

Situation of the Lot.

It lies in the eastern part of the cemetery, half way down the terrace on the western bank of the creek. The view from the plot is to the northeast, and within range lie Sheridan circle and Kalaroma Heights, the home of John Howard Payne, in one of the most attractive portions of Washington. No stone yet marks the graves of the children of the deceased ex-secretary. The body of Emmons Blaine lies in one of the Chicago cemeteries, so that aside from the national character of the deceased, which makes the national capital the most fitting resting place for his remains, Oak Hill more than any other can be called the family burying place.

Only Twelve of Them Left.

At the present time there are but twelve men who were members of the house of representatives and who served with Blaine when he was a member. These are Holman, O'Neill of Pennsylvania, Harmer, Hooker, Blount, Burrows, Springer, Forney, Culberson, Bland, Henderson of Illinois, and Ketcham. Yesterday they were full of reminiscences. The Democrats remembered with great satisfaction that it was Blaine's rulings in the chair that enabled Randall to filibuster against the first force bill and defeat it, although the Republican majority was large and in favor of the bill. Holman said Blaine did as much to defeat the bill as Randall.

The "Plumed Knight" Scene.

Other members recalled the time when Blaine "like a plumed knight marched down the halls of congress," etc., while still others gave incidents of the great debate in the senate over the general amnesty bill. The celebrated Conkling episode, which made those two men enemies for life, was also recited over and over. And Blaine's manners, appearances on this or that occasion, were frequently referred to. All agreed that the house never had a more popular member.

Seven Colleagues in the Senate.

There are but seven of those who served with Mr. Blaine in the senate remaining in that body, where he served so honorably and so well. They are Senators Allison, Cockrell, Dawes, Gordon, Mitchell, Morrill and Ransom, four Republicans and three Democrats. Mr. Hale, the junior senator from Maine, who, perhaps, stands nearer to Mr. Blaine than any other man in Washington, was too greatly moved by the personal sorrow that came to him to express his views concerning the life and work of the great party leader. His remarks in announcing to the senate the death of Mr. Blaine were delivered with much feeling and but partly expressed the deep emotion that possessed him. The others all eulogized the dead statesman.

THE GENERAL SENTIMENT.

Sorrow Covers the Land and All Men Do His Name Reverence.

CHICAGO, Jan. 28.—"I shall ever retain most kindly memories of this great statesman, and his family have my profound sympathy in this their hour of deepest sorrow." These were the words with which Vice-President-elect Stevenson closed a brief interview on the death of Mr. Blaine "I knew Mr. Blaine very well," he said. "When I entered congress Mr. Blaine had just closed his third term as speaker of the house. Even at that early time he was an admirable parliamentarian and his conduct in the speaker's chair was such that I do not believe I have ever heard one word spoken against his rulings on any decision he had rendered. Mr. Blaine had many warm personal friends among Democrats. The feeling of sorrow which I have expressed over his death will find an echo in the heart of every man who appreciates genius and patriotism."

The universal feeling in this city is one of sorrow over the sad ending of a brilliant life.

Henry Watterson's Tribute.

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 28.—Henry Watterson says in The Courier-Journal: "Among the modern leaders of American party politics James G. Blaine stood easily first. In the power of drawing to himself the admiration of great masses of the people and of arousing the enthusiasm of his followers he had equal in neither political camp. Our own John C. Breckinridge was not more gifted in this particular and peculiar art this genius for making friends. But, back of it, Mr. Blaine possessed a mind stored with useful knowledge, a mind methodical and orderly, powerful and brilliant. He was a master both in council and in action; both in the cabinet, where politics are formed, and on the arena, where they are enforced and defended."

In the Northwestern Legislatures.

CHICAGO, Jan. 28.—The northwestern legislatures all took action when Blaine's was announced. At Topeka the Populists adopted an appropriate and eulogistic resolution. The Republicans adjourned. At Denver the Colorado legislature adjourned to Monday. At Pierre, S. D. the legislature adjourned after the presentation of a resolution for joint memorial services. The Wyoming legislature promptly adjourned, as did the California legislature. The Illinois legislature was in session but a brief time and adjourned to Monday.

Cleveland Was Overcome.

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.—President-elect Cleveland arrived here yesterday from Lakewood. He heard of Blaine's death at Elizabethport from a reporter, who imparted all the information he had received, after which Mr. Cleveland settled back into his chair as if overcome by the sad news. Mr. Cleveland sent the following message to Mrs. Blaine: "His brilliant statesmanship will always be an inspiration to the nation he has served so long and so well. Permit me to send my sympathy on the death of your distinguished husband."

Expressions From Ohio.

CANTON, Jan. 28.—Governor McKinley, who is visiting his mother at this place, was much depressed over the death of Mr. Blaine. He telegraphed to Washington his sincere sympathy and vouched for the sorrow of the people of Ohio.

COLUMBUS, Jan. 28.—The legislature adjourned on receipt of the news of Blaine's death after passing resolutions of sympathy, condolence and sorrow.

Maine Goes Into Mourning.

AUGUSTA, Jan. 28.—The legislature will hold memorial services and Governor Cleaves and staff will attend the funeral of Mr. Blaine. The governor issued a proclamation eulogistic of the dead statesman and ordered the national ensign at once displayed at half mast, and the executive departments closed on the day of the funeral.

Little Surprise at Gotham.

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.—The tidings of Mr. Blaine's death spread over this town rapidly, causing little surprise, however, as the end had been so long anticipated that the demise caused no shock. The flags were speedily hoisted to half-mast on the city hall and Tribune building.

New York's Assembly.

ALBANY, Jan. 28.—The assembly had adjourned before the news of Mr. Blaine's death reached here. Senator Cantor announced his death in the senate, when an adjournment was taken in honor of his memory until Monday evening.

Ingersoll Has Nothing to Say.

CLEVELAND, Jan. 28.—When Colonel R. G. Ingersoll, who was here yesterday, was asked if he had anything to say concerning Mr. Blaine's dearth, he replied: "No; that's a subject on which I have nothing whatever to say."

BURIAL OF JUSTICE LAMAR.

The Memory of the Dead Jurist Honored by Thousands.

MACON, Ga., Jan. 28.—The funeral of Associate Justice L. Q. C. Lamar brought to this city yesterday thousands of citizens of Georgia and other states. The place of interment was Riverside cemetery in this city and the site near an old Confederate redoubt on a bluff overlooking the Ocmulgee river. The ceremony was that of the Methodist church and the officiating clergyman was Rev. Dr. Candler, president of Emory college, Oxford, Ga. Among the distinguished people present were Chief Justice Fuller, Associate Justices Blatchford, Brown and Brewer, of the federal supreme court, and the members of the supreme court of Georgia. Senators Walthall, of Mississippi, and Gordon, of Georgia, were also among those who followed the remains along with the justice's family.

At Rest in the Grave.

After the services in the church a procession escorted the remains to the cemetery. In this cortege were thousands of people and it was evident that their hearts were deeply stirred by the spectacle of their revered fellow-citizen borne to his last home. The line of march was crowded with people, who reverently uncovered as the hearse passed by. The services at the cemetery were impressive and a dense throng gathered there to see the last earth thrown upon the casket and to hear the last words of the service read over the grave of the man whom they all revered as a statesman and jurist. In the morning a meeting of the bar was held, attended by the visiting justices of the United States supreme court, at which eloquent eulogies were pronounced and resolutions appropriate to the occasion adopted.

Three People Fatally Burned.

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.—Mrs. Rebecca Salmon and her two children were probably fatally burned yesterday morning at their home, 121 Boerus street, Williamsburg. When the family were at breakfast a lamp burning on the mantlepiece of the dining-room fell upon the stove and, the oil catching fire, splashed in all directions, setting fire to the clothes of Mrs. Salmon and the children. Mr. Salmon in his efforts to extinguish the flames was badly burned. The sufferers were removed to St. Catherine's hospital, where the physician in charge reported that Mrs. Salmon and her two children would probably die.

Wisconsin Legislator Dead.

MADISON, Jan. 28.—The death of Assemblyman D. A. Mahoney, of Kenosha, caused both houses to adjourn yesterday out of respect to his memory. Mr. Mahoney died of pneumonia here. He was an ardent Mitchell supporter. He was 43 years old and was postmaster in Kenosha during Cleveland's term.

Burned in Her Bed.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 28.—Kate Highland, aged 40, was burned to death in her bed at 3 Langdon alley early yesterday morning. The origin of the fire is supposed to have been from an overheated stove setting fire to the floor, which in time ignited the bed clothing. The blaze was extinguished with a trifling loss.

Pierce's Postmaster General Dead.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 28.—Ex-Judge Jas. Campbell, formerly postmaster general in President Pierce's cabinet, died here yesterday. He had passed 80, yet the end was unexpected until recently. Judge Campbell was born in Philadelphia Sept. 1, 1812.

Adjourned in Memory of Blaine.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—Both houses of congress adjourned yesterday in respect to the death of ex-Secretary Blaine. No business except brief announcement speeches was done.

The New Management

of the BEE HIVE will introduce themselves by opening a

CLEARING SALE

Never before equaled in this vicinity, before doubling their already complete stock.

Expecting Your Calls for Bargains!

Insuring honest dealings in the future as in the past. Knowing that we can save you money in our line we ask your inspection of goods and prices. With thanks, we are at your command at the

BEE HIVE 158 Galena Av

THE Plymouth Clothing House.

Wants to Know who is in Need of a

Suit or an Overcoat!

And they furthermore wish to know if you could buy a Suit or Overcoat for actual COST whether you would not buy one even if the season is somewhat advanced.

To Offer Goods at Cost

Is something we have never done in our business career before; but wishing to convert a good deal of Clothing into cash, in a very short time, we have resolved to adopt this plan until further notice.

We Wish to Emphatically Impress

upon your minds that whatever you need in the Clothing line you will do well to see us before you buy. Don't fail to take advantage of this Golden Opportunity it will positively only last a few days.

We are showing

The Handsomest Line of Neckwear

in the city, at fifty cents.

The Plymouth
One Price Clothiers.

McBRIDE BLOCK. Dixon, Illinois.

Another Shipment

—OF—

New and complete line of the very latest styles of

Well Selected Stocks of Cloths

Which will be made up in

FIRST CLASS STYLE

At Varied Prices.

Fair Overcoats at $20 and Upwards Suits and Pants, etc in proportion.

Wedding Outfits A Specialty!

ED. CAHILI

No. 18 Galena Ave., up one flight

Protect Your Eyes!

MR. H. HIRSCHBERG.

The well known Optician of 329 Olive street, (N. E. cor. Seventh and Olive), St. Louis, has appointed D. S. Horton as agent for his celebrated Diamond and Non-Changeable Spectacles and Eye Glasses are the greatest invention ever made in spectacles and every pair purchased are guaranteed, so that if they ever leave the eyes no matter how scratched the lenses, they will furnish the party with a new pair of glasses, free of charge. D. S. Horton has a full assortment, and invites all who wish to satisfy themselves of the great superiority of these glasses over any and all others now in use, to call and examine them at D. S. Horton's, sole agent for Dixon, Ill. No peddlers supplied.

THE SEASON OF SILENCE.

Now comes the hush that follows after song;
In one wild burst the melody went out
From all the glowing woods and fields about,
And coldly shines the sun the whole day long.

The south winds will inspire the earth no more;
The glad, responsive voices now are dumb,
And if, as guest, a summer day should come,
No smiling band would open wide the door.

What matter if the sun shines or the moon?
What matter if the dewdrop turns to snow?
The robin and the bluebird will not know,
And the arbutus never wakes too soon.

—Mary A. Mason in Youth's Companion.

THE TRAITOR SCOUT.

It had been proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that after the Mormons located at Salt Lake they bent all their energies to two things—making friends with the Indians and seeking to prevent white people not of their own faith from penetrating into that country. They did gain the good will of the several tribes of Indians with whom they came in contact to such a degree as made it safe for a Mormon to go anywhere. Once in awhile one was killed before he could identify himself, but the man who proved himself a Mormon need have no fear of the savages, who had been trained from infancy to hate a white man and take his scalp whenever opportunity offered.

This desideratum was accomplished in various ways. They made common cause with the redskin against the remainder of the white race, promising him all the scalps and plunder. They made him presents, caused him to believe that they were persecuted because they espoused his cause, and in other ways got such a firm hold on his affections that he became the most powerful ally that they could have selected. They made him arrowheads and lanceheads, they provided him with his first firearms and best tomahawks, they fed him when he was hungry and helped to outfit him when he went to war.

When the California gold fever began to push long wagon trains across the country the Mormons saw what the result would be unless they could stop the rush. Left to themselves the savages would no doubt have attacked in every case where there was hope of success, but not one person would have been killed where ten actually yielded up their lives but for the assistance of the accursed Danites. These were the "good men and true" of the Mormon church—the enthusiasts and fanatics who could be depended on to carry out any order and preserve the secrets of the church with their last breath.

They knew the country, the trails, the streams and ravines and valleys from Council Bluffs or St. Joseph to their own doors in Salt Lake City. They were strung out all along the overland trail, and in constant communication with the Indians. They acted as guides—were elected as captains of trains—sought every position which would enable them to play into the hands of their allies and work the destruction of trains. This was not even suspected, however, until they had worked fearful slaughter among the gold seekers. No living man will ever be able to give figures on the train people murdered during the many years in which the overland trail was in use.

The first train I went out with, said an old scout, consisted of fifteen wagons and fifty persons. Of these twenty-two were full grown men and well armed, and each one fully realized the perils which beset the route. It would seem the height of folly for a husband to invest his all in a span of horses and wagon and set out for California with a sickly wife and three or four children, but plenty of them did so. Indeed there was no train without its women and children, and their presence always increased the dangers. Previous to leaving St. Joe we had to elect a captain of the train, a "boss," whose word should be law until we reached the end of our journey.

The position naturally fell to some veteran—some hunter, scout or Indian fighter, who was posted as to the ways and routes of the Indians. Some such man was always going out with a train. In our case the choice lay between two—one an old trapper of many years' experience, who looked honest and seemed to have had plenty experience, and a man who was a stranger to all, but who was loud in his boasts of how many Indians he had killed and what a brave, careful man he was. I disliked him at first sight, as I know he did me, but, though I did all I could to defeat him, he was elected to the position of captain. He was a fellow with an ugly, sulky look to his face; eyes which where constantly roving about and could never look you square in the face, and in my heart I believed he meant us ill.

I found one or two others who entirely agreed with me, but the majority were perfectly satisfied that he was all right, and it would not be prudent for us to say anything until we had a better foundation than mere suspicion. It would have been rebellion to speak against him or refuse to obey his orders, and he had the power to disarm us and put us under guard.

At that date the train which progressed 100 miles into Kansas was sure to find the advance guard of the Indians. On the fourth day out we sighted some at a distance, and I narrowly watched our captain. He closed the train up in good order, stationed the defenders where they could do the most good, and exhibited such nerve and caution that I began to feel ashamed of myself for having suspected his loyalty. But for one circumstance I should have banished all suspicion.

We saw the first Indians two hours before sundown. None of them came nearer than half a mile, seeming to be content with an inspection of our strength. An hour later and when we were within two miles of the spot where we proposed to camp the captain, whose name I neglected to state was Baker, ran up a green flag on one of the wagons. This flag, as we afterward concluded, he must have had secreted about his person. He explained that if we ran up a flag the Indians would conclude that there were soldiers with the train and haul off, and no one—no one but me—questioned the truth or policy of the proceeding.

It struck me that he raised the flag for a signal, and when I stated my suspicions to one or two others of the band, they agreed with me that he could have no other object. From that time we watched his every movement with the eyes of a fox, but he made no further sign for many hours. When we went into camp he took all the precautions the most timid could suggest, and I do not believe he slept two hours between dark and dawn.

The night passed without an alarm, and it was after noon next day before we saw Indians again. We had been traveling an hour after the noon halt when we came to a singular bit of ground. It was a ridge about fifty feet wide, with heavy washouts or dry ravines on each side of it. This place could be avoided by turning to either the right or left, but Baker, who was mounted, as most of us were, led the way right along this ridge.

I was watching him, and I saw that he was farther ahead than usual. I also saw him make a curious sign. He raised his right arm on a line with his ear, bent the forearm across his head and held it thus for a few seconds, with the palm opened and toward the horse's head. Looking ahead and to the left, I thought I caught a brief glimpse of a dark object, something like a black head peering above the bank of the ravine. I was close to the head wagon, and I asked the man to halt, and in twenty words made him understand that I firmly believed the Indians had prepared an ambuscade for us. I had made him understand this when Baker halted and turned to us with the query:

"What's the matter now?"

"The route looks dangerous," I answered.

"The route is all right; bring your wagons."

"Why can't we go to the left or the right?" I asked.

"Look here," he began as he rode back, "is this train under my orders or yours?"

"Yours, sir."

"Then you be careful. If you attempt to interfere with me I'll order you under arrest. Come on with the wagons."

He turned and galloped forward. As he did so I rode to the right and a companion to the left to reach a point where we could see into the ravines. We both saw the same sight—the dry ditches crowded with redskins—and we both cried out together:

"Shoot the villain! He has led us into an ambuscade!"

I don't know who killed him. Five or six of us fired together just as he put his horse on a gallop, and he toppled from his saddle and fell to the earth. The Indians, seeing that they were discovered, sprang up and made a dash at us on foot. Although without a leader we did just the right thing. Every man rushed to the front, leaving the rear of the train to take care of itself, and we gave the savages a volley which broke them up and left nine of their number dead on the ridge.

The living sought cover, ran down the ditches behind a rise where their ponies were concealed and made off without firing another shot, although there were eighty-four of them in the band. Had we got the train strung out on that ridge every soul in the train would have been murdered within ten minutes. Baker was, as I found out several years later, an active Danite, and had led more than 100 emigrants to slaughter.

What was for several years known as the Lost Train made its start from Council Bluffs and struck for the Platte river, in Nebraska, and followed it west. It consisted of seventeen wagons and sixty people, twenty-four of these being full grown men and boys capable of handling a rifle and standing guard. The captain was an Illinois farmer and pioneer, and as he had his wife and two children along no one could doubt that he would do his best to pull us through.

I had a wagon loaded with clothing, powder, lead and firearms in the train valued at over $5,000, and I was greatly pleased, when we finally made our start, to find our train made up of men whose looks indicated that they could be relied upon if a pinch came. Nearly every man had two rifles, intending to sell one in California, and many of them had revolvers and pistols as well as rifles. We had been out six days, and had not yet seen an Indian, when, about 9 o'clock on the morning of the seventh day, a white man came riding into our train from the west, closely pursued by a dozen Indians.

They hung about us for an hour or so, yelling and firing at long range, and then rode away. The stranger gave his name as Comstock. He was dressed like a scout and hunter, and he claimed to belong to a train of seven wagons, which had entered the territory from a point about twenty miles below the bluffs. This train was, he thought, about thirty miles ahead of us.

He had left camp two days before to look for a valuable saddle horse which had stampeded, had lost his way, and the Indians had run him for ten or twelve miles. He expressed great thankfulness at reaching a haven of safety, and at once began to offer his advice. We were adding many miles and days to our journey, he said, by following the river. By heading more to the northwest we should after forty miles' travel strike a valley which extended almost to Pike's peak. Grass, water and fuel were plenty, and he had been over it three times without seeing an Indian.

In those days the mapmakers knew but little of the great west, and what they did locate was as apt to be wrong as right. None of us had ever heard of such a valley, but it might exist for all that. Most of us were opposed to making any change in our route, but here the captain proved his inefficiency. The story of this valley charmed him, and Comstock piled it on until it was finally decided to change the route.

Four of us held out until the others decided to go on without us. It would have been folly for us to think of splitting off, weak handed as we were, and so we gave in. The change of route was made on the morning of the eighth day. We struck away from the river out on the prairie, and made a good twenty-five miles that day.

We got no water at noon, but at night camped beside a creek. I don't say that I suspected Comstock of any evil, for I believed his escape from the Indians was genuine, but I did think it queer that he talked so much and that he was so anxious to break us off the regular route. While he avoided the four of us who had rebelled he cultivated the others, and they soon came to take much stock in him.

On the second day we found very rough ground, and got no water either at noon or night. On the third day we found water at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. Comstock led the way, and it seemed to me as if he selected the very worst route. At noon on this third day he said we were only fifteen miles from the entrance to the valley. We had to make a dry camp again at night, and I had now begun to doubt the man so strongly that I sought an opportunity to ask the captain if he fully believed in the stranger.

"Why, bless you, yes!" he replied "Do you believe in the valley he speaks of?"

"Certainly. It can't be over seven or eight miles away."

"Captain, what is a valley?" I asked.

"Why, it's the level ground between two mountains," he replied.

"But do you see any mountains? We ought to be able to see one fifty miles away."

"Say, you don't think there is anything wrong, do you?"

Before I could reply he was called away, and Comstock took care that I should not get at him again. We started off again in the morning, and found no water until noon. Then it was a brackish, filthy stuff, in a sink or pond. The route was rough and difficult, and the pasturage was so scant that our animals were beginning to suffer and grow weak.

Comstock kept talking about the valley to cheer the men up, but as night came and we seemed to have got no nearer several of the captain's party began to give vent to suspicion. Comstock argued, protested and entreated, promising that we should see grass up to our knees by midforenoon next day, and all talk was thus quieted.

That night a storm set in, and it rained as if it meant to float us away. The rain did not cease until noon next day, but some time during the night the fellow Comstock deserted us, and we soon found he had taken the axle pins from almost every wagon. Then everybody was ready to believe he was a decoy who had led us away from the route to be overpowered and slaughtered.

We were one whole day replacing the pins and were in momentary expectation of an attack, but not an Indian was sighted. Next morning we headed to the southwest, and were six days in getting to the overland trail again, and during all this time we did not sight a redskin. As all of us believed that Comstock had an understanding with the Indians, we could not make out why they did not show up.

Twelve years later an Indian told me all about it. We were right in suspecting Comstock. He was a renegade and living with a tribe. The plan to join a train and decoy it was his own, and the only reason he failed to wipe us out was because the 250 redskins backing him were waiting for us in another locality, there being a misunderstanding between them.—True Flag.

National Banking Act.

A Washington dispatch says Mr. A. B. Hepburn, comptroller of the currency, in his annual report just submitted makes these important recommendations:

That the minimum deposit of government bonds required of national banks be $1,000 in case of banks of $50,000 capital, and $5,000 in case of banks whose capital exceeds $50,000.

That banks be allowed to issue circulating notes equal to the par value of the bonds held to secure circulation.

That the monthly withdrawal of bonds pledged to secure circulation shall not exceed $4,500,000 in the aggregate.

That the tax on national bank circulation be repealed.

That the government issue bonds having twenty, thirty and forty years to run at a low rate of interest, with which to retire the present bonded debt of the United States, which bonds may be used as a basis to secure national bank circulation.

R. L. Stevenson's Yacht to Be a Sealer.

The old schooner yacht Casco, formerly the property of the late Dr. Samuel Merritt, and noted as the boat in which Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist, made a trip to the south seas, has again changed hands. The new owner is Captain George Collins, of Victoria, who has the managing interest in the famous sealing schooner Sea Lion. The Casco is at Sausalito, ready to sail north. On her arrival at Victoria the stars and stripes will give way to the British colors. It is designed to refit the Casco as a sealer and to send her on a cruise the coming season.—San Francisco Chronicle.

An Interesting Wager.

One of the queerest election bets was made between a young gentleman and his best girl. He bet on Harrison, and she took the field; consequently he will have to pay the forfeit. The bet was in this fashion: The loser was to take the other to Widemann's any night the winner would choose, buy the oysters for one, and then stand on a chair in the other end of the hall and watch the eating. The girl of course has decided to choose the night when the hall will be crowded, and thus put the fellow in as ridiculous a position as possible.—Lawrence World.

Copyrights of Songs.

A number of musical copyrights have recently been sold in London. The more important items were as follows: Gabriel's "Cleansing Fires," £330; Leslie's "Four Jolly Smiths," £261; Hullah's "Three Fishers," £240; Bodington's "After," £216; Blumenthal's "Requital," £185; Hullah's "Storm," £108; Pentland's "John Peel," £92; Pontet's "Nea," £88.

UNAPPRECIATIVE FRIENDS.

The Smoker of the Egyptian Variety a Victim of Other Men.

The smoker of expensive Egyptian or Turkish cigarettes is a man much to be pitied. Not because he is a cigarette smoker—that is a horrible offense at best—but because he is actually victimized and defrauded and maligned and traduced as well.

In the first place he is rarely if ever regarded as other than a common leather lunged cigarette fiend. The rank and file take him to be a consumer of reha'bilitated cigar butts, or if they detect the (to him) delightful odor of the rich tobacco, which varies from other tobaccos, they at once put him down as a victim of catarrh, and probably inquire if he is smoking a "cubeb."

Nothing in the world so galls a smoker of Egyptian cigarettes as that accusation, unless it be the sneers of the men who smoke the two-for-a-cent dreadful variety of cigarette. The taste of the latter is so vitiated and their moral sense so blunted that they scorn the Egyptian cigarette as a thing of evil or ask for one in an offhand manner, as though it were one of the kind they are in the habit of inhaling into their own lungs.

These men can never be brought to a realization of the fact that the imported cigarette at four or five cents apiece bears the same relation to their kind as a twenty-five cent cigar does to "twofer"—two for five. Having extorted one from the victim they take a whiff or two, pucker and draw a wry face, and at the earliest convenient opportunity shy it into the nearest cuspidor, to the great disgust of the aforesaid victim.

Then there is another thing that grates upon the sensitive feelings of the smoker of imported cigarettes. It arises from the habit that utter strangers have of considering the little paper rolls as common property. When a box of cigarettes is opened it is almost tantamount to a general invitation to all present to smoke, like the tapping of the lid of a snuff-box was a hundred years ago. It is then the patron of foreign things wishes he had never been born, for likely as not some "rank outsider" steps up, and reaching forth a greedy hand says, "Say, mister, give us a cigarette, please."

Of course the only refuge for the highly cultivated individual is either to give up cigarette smoking entirely, carry two kinds to accommodate all tastes or prosecute his smoking of the Egyptian variety in the solitude of his own chamber or the quietest and most obscure nook of his club.—New York Herald.

Causes of Nightmare.

The most potent cause of bad dreams is worry, one of the most fatal disorders which attack mankind. For one who is injured or killed by hard work, 100 are struck down by worry. Girls who are preparing for examinations often worry themselves into a fever which prevents sleep or else causes it to be broken by horrid visions of unsolvable problems or impending failure. Remember also that we go to bed to sleep, and not to review the events of the day.

Don't think in bed. This may seem to be impossible advice in many cases, but it is certain that we can dismiss thought if we make a sufficient effort to do so. Reading in bed is a very bad habit, which ought never to be contracted, or if it has been contracted it ought to be given up resolutely. It is a habit sanctioned to some extent by the example of many eminent people, but it is radically wrong for all that.—Cassell's.

An Odd Death Custom.

One of the death customs of the ancient "Wends" was odd. They were most careful at the moment of dissolution to have no one present with the dying person. The doors communicating with the rest of the house were closed and the windows of the death chamber opened, to afford easy exit to the evil spirits who, with the good, leave the mortal at death. Otherwise these wandering and malicious spirits would seek habitations in the first person encountered in the house. Once outside they went to their own places of abode, and nobody was further harmed by them.—New York Times.

His New Gag.

The good lady opened the door to his knock and waited.

"I'd be obliged, mum, fer somethin to eat, mum," he whined.

"Whew!" she sniffed. "You have been drinking; I can smell it strong as can be."

"No, mum, you can't," he whined, as he held up his hands pleadingly. "That ain't liquor, mum; that's medicine, mum. I just got out of the hospital, mum."

"Oh, you poor thing!" she apologized, and took him in, much to the success of his new gag.—Detroit Free Press.

The Rarity of the Atmosphere.

Calculations, based on the observation of the refraction of light, have caused it to be supposed that the air becomes so rare at the height of about sixty miles that the distance may be regarded as the limit to its sensible extent, but other calculations, made during the present century, of the distance from the earth at which meteors ignite indicate that the atmosphere extends to upward of a hundred miles.—Chicago Herald.

A Novel Diving Bell.

Archibald Price, one of the pioneer settlers of Kanawha valley, West Virginia, was making maple sugar in a grove across the river from his house, when he caught sight of three Indians skulking in the vicinity. "The varmints!" he said to himself. "So they mean to pounce on me when I've two pails o' sap aboard."

He was just starting for some of the more distant trees. Of course he changed his purpose on the instant, but he was quick witted enough to give no sign of the fact, and for a few moments busied himself about the boiling place, whistling merrily.

If he set off across the river in his canoe, the Indians would pursue and shoot him. He had a brother who was a sea diver. From him he had learned something about diving bells, and he now took a sudden resolve to make his kettle serve him in that capacity. He emptied it, but in such a way that an observer at a little distance would have supposed he was filling it from a tub standing near.

As soon as it was emptied he lifted it quickly, and hurried down the river bank, where he raised it, in an inverted position, over his head, the rim resting on his shoulders, and walked into the water. The bank was steep, and the water was soon up to his shoulders.

Keeping a firm hold of the kettle, he proceeded. The water got deeper and deeper until it was several feet over the top of the kettle.

The improvised diving bell answered its purpose excellently, supplying air for him to breathe until he emerged on the home side of the river.

So Mr. Price saved himself and his iron kettle from falling into the hands of the savages.—Youth's Companion.

The Rise and Fall of Families.

A family, like a race or a nation, does indeed bud, flower and run to seed, and the seed must be transplanted to new soil in order to bud and flower again. Now a part of the foolish ancestorship of the past resulted in the creation of aristocracies built on the foundation of an illustrious ancestor. We are getting wiser and better. We are putting our aristocracies closer to the primal source. We are learning no longer to respect a man because his ancestor was better than himself, but because he himself is an ancestor. The farce of royalty is played out; the farce of rank and caste is in a moribund condition. All men will soon learn to laugh at the claims of long descent. Many men laugh at them now. And this in itself is an immense step in advance.

Snobbery, vulgarity, pretension—these hideous traits will soon be of the past. Our grandchildren, freed from the absurd ideas, the absurd restrictions of semisavage inception, will be larger, more generous, more tolerant—better, in short, than ourselves. Fresh and vigorous blood will intermix with the worn out descendants of great men, and in due time greater men from the stock will be born to the future. Every succeeding age sees the abandonment of some superstition which has checked the progress and development of the race in the past.—William S. Walsh in New York World.

A New Photographic Process.

An effective and greatly simplified method of producing a photographic representation in the form of an intaglio engraving, or, as it is generally called, a "photogravure," is being introduced. The new method is intended to reduce the time occupied in the process, which usually takes many days to a few hours, and to dispense entirely with the supplementary aid of the skillful engraver. Its essential feature lies in the fact that the picture, instead of being obtained from a graduated depth of the engraving, is produced from a sunken surface of uniform depth, the gradations of light, half tone and shade being effected by minute lines and stipples of varying thickness, but of uniform distance apart from center to center.

The picture is made up of equidistant stipples, varying from a microscopic point up to a size where they coalesce in a solid black, the half tones consisting of stipples about 1-400th of an inch in diameter. If a coarse stipple is used the effect varies from that of mezzotint and approaches more nearly that of a line of engraving, the light shades being made up of perceptible lines and stipples, like the effects of a steel or copper plate engraving of equal texture.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Comparison of Birth Rates.

There are 38,000,000 people in France, and during the last five years the increase in population has only been 124,000. In 55 departments out of a total of 86 there is actually a diminution. It is not due to any high average of deaths, although infant mortality is higher than it should be. It is due to the small number of children born. The average birth rate has fallen to 21 or 22 per 1,000 inhabitants. This is a phenomenally low rate when contrasted with 38 to 39 in Germany, 35 or 36 in Italy, 33 in England and 30 in Switzerland. The percentage is lower in France than in any other country; so that there is a rapid increase in rival countries and France remains stationary.—Chicago Herald.

A Monument to Loyola.

Ignatius Loyola's followers have erected a monument to his memory over the spot where the fortunes of war decided that Canada should be a free British country. "The Jesuits' Retreat" stands in the city of Quebec on the ground consecrated by the blood of English soldiers, and in front of it has been placed a colossal statue of the founder of the order.—Toronto Mail.

Troubles of the Prince of Wales.

The salary and emoluments of the Prince of Wales, supposed to be about $200,000, would probably be enough for his private needs were he not put to so large an expense in performing royal and social obligations which should be undertaken by his royal mother.—New York Press.

The open fireplace in the new public library building at Machias, Me., will be constructed of stones which were used for ballast on board the British war schooner Margaretta, captured by the Americans near Machias during the early part of the Revolution.

A curious wedding ceremony recently took place in Dublin, when the clergyman, the son of a well known Dublin artist, married his father to a second wife.

A Disconsolate Governor.

The infant phenomenon of the Bay State justly feels that he has been playing in very tough luck. He was elected governor of Massachusetts the other day by a plurality of 2,700 votes, and has been feeling so good over his remarkable success that he began to think himself almost a "bigger man than old" Grover. Now it turns out that if the the wide awake and highly cultured Republican voters of Massachusetts had only known how to mark their Australian ballots Mr. Haile, the Republican candidate, would have been elected by about 12,000 plurality, and young Mr. Russell, who was pluming his wings for even the loftiest flight, is left disconsolate, standing around on one leg like a rooster in a rainstorm.

He may continue to draw the salary and play governor, but all the roseate dreams that lately flushed his sweet young life with opalescent waves of indescribable brightness have fled, and he is left to plod wearily along in the gray mists, breasting the piercing east winds of the man who is rejected by the people, and wins by a blunder. "This is 'ard," as old Eccles would say.—New York Advertiser.

EXPLOITS OF A CROW.

VERY CLEVER INDEED, BUT HE MET AN UNTIMELY DEATH.

Anecdotes by a Man Who Saw Some Strange Things Even Though He Had a Gun—The Crow Disliked Certain Kinds of Animals—He Was a Great Hunter.

"When this region was nearly all woods sixty years ago," said an old resident of Bell Meadow, "I picked a young crow out of the mud in Tamarack swamp, where he had tumbled out of the nest before he was old enough to fly. I named him Abe and tamed him, and he developed into the brightest bird I ever saw. Like all tame crows, Abe was mischievous and inquisitive. There was a knothole in the floor of our cistern, and the crow couldn't find out what was under it, although he tried very hard.

"Several times a day Abe flew down to the creek, hunted up a pebble and carried it in his bill to the floor of the cistern, where he dropped it through the knothole. The instant he let the pebble drop he would put his ear close to the hole and listen. He could hear the pebble strike the water, and the noise out of his sight excited his curiosity so much that he dropped a half bushel of pebbles into the cistern before he gave up.

"Abe accompanied me on all my hunting trips in the fall and winter, and he saw me kill five or six wolves, half a dozen wildcats and several deer. The woods were full of deer, and there were so many wolves that we couldn't keep any sheep. Abe took a great liking to deer and rabbits, but he hated wolves and wildcats, seeming to understand that they were destructive and dangerous. One afternoon, the summer that he was a year old, Abe flew into our little clearing and cawed and fluttered about as if he wanted me to leave my work.

"I knew the crow had seen something that displeased him, and so I picked up two rifles and told him to go ahead, just to see what he would do. He went squalling through the air toward Bell Meadow brook, and when he alighted on a tree he kept yelling and looking down in the ravine. I looked, too, little expecting to see what I did. A pair of wolves were tearing at a doe they had pounced on and pulled down. I killed them both before they got three leaps from the doe, and when Abe saw that they couldn't move he cawed and croaked as though he was glad.

"The next winter there were three feet and a half of snow on the level, and we had to wear snowshoes to get around. While I was splitting wood near the house one cold morning the crow came sailing and squalling to the settlement from the direction of Lake Henry. He was excited about something, and he perched on the log and went to flapping his wings and dancing up and down. I understood him well enough to know that he had seen something that he didn't like the looks of up in the woods toward the lake, so I and my brother and cousin put on our snowshoes, shouldered five loaded rifles and started into the woods, Abe leading the way and yelling.

"He led us to the lake, where we saw a sight that I shall never forget. In a space where the wind had blown the snow from the ice a flock of seven deer had been cornered by a pack of five wolves. The deer couldn't get out on account of the deep snow, and the wolves had killed three of them when we got there. While we were blazing away at the brutes the crow flew overhead and shouted his approval. We killed the whole pack, and Abe felt so good that he rolled over on the crust several times.

"One day in the spring the crow saw a fisher catch a rabbit and carry it to a hole in a basswood tree, thirty feet from the ground. My brother and I were chopping near by, and Abe squalled around till he attracted our attention, when he flew up to the hole where the fisher was concealed. We chopped the basswood down, and the fisher skipped out and ran up a hemlock tree to where the leaves were so thick we couldn't see it. Abe flew up, alighted above the fisher and began to squall, and squinting through the foliage below him I could see enough of the fisher to fire at. I banged away, and down came Mr. Fisher with a bullet in his head. Abe fairly laughed when the fisher tumbled.

"One morning I found six pullets on the floor of the hen shanty. A mink had killed them, and that night I set two steel traps and put one of the pullets between. In the morning a mink had its fore feet in one of the traps and one of its hind feet in the other. Abe tagged me in, and when he saw the mink struggling to get out he ran up in front of it and began to yell in its face. I let the crow torment it, and while my back was turned the mink caught Abe by the neck and bit him so hard that he died in a few minutes."—Cor. New York Tribune.

A Financial Crisis.

"My mother-in-law never understands a joke," says a correspondent. "I finish a good story, and she always looks up and asks, 'Well, what did the other man say?' As she can't appreciate wit, I was surprised to receive a letter from her a few weeks after my little boy had swallowed a farthing, in which the last words were, 'Has Ernest got over his financial difficulties yet?'"—Exchange.

The Work of the Interior Department.

The duties which devolve on the secretary of the interior were performed prior to the establishment of that post by the heads of the other departments. The patent office was attached to the state department, the land office to the treasury department, and the pensions and the Indians had been looked after by the war department.—New York Sun.

The Limit of Population.

Philosophers and statisticians have compared figures and find that the limit of the earth's capacity is 5,294,000,000 human beings; also that this number will be reached before the close of the Twenty-first century.—St. Louis Republic.

Color in the Streets.

A suggestion has been made by an ingenious writer which deserves the sympathetic attention of all who are interested in the personal appearance of the metropolis. Though lucid intervals of sunshine occur in which "the ancient Strand" takes on a glory such as that described by Mr. Henley in his "London Voluntaries," we have now reached a season in which the prevalent aspect of our streets is one of well nigh unrelieved gloom. So long as the weather is dry a certain amount of variety is infused into what one may call the streetscape by the hats and dresses of our womankind.

But when the rain comes down and the ladies stay indoors almost the only cheerful objects to meet the eye are what Homer would have called the ruddy cheeked omnibuses and pillar posts. "Why," asks the writer, "cannot this idea be elaborated in the cause of and cheerfulness?" And he goes on plead eloquently in favor of the introduction of "merry mackintoshes"—scalet, orange, sky blue, emerald green a purple—and brightly tinted umbrellas.

The idea certainly deserves a tria At present, with that utter absence all sense of proportion which characte izes the actions of civilized humanity regard to dress, we don our gayest gar when the sun is brightest, and reserv our most sober habiliments for day when the sky is overcast and the sun visible. In other words, we enter into vain competition with the all sufficin radiance of nature, and strive to accen tuate her gloomiest moods. Rather, the interest of happiness and mirth should we endeavor to counteract th depressing influence of fog and damp by a lavish display of bright and exhilarating color. Armed with an emerald green mackintosh—painted in luminous paint for use at night—a man would radiate cheerfulness even in the midst of "London particular."—London Graphic.

The Restriction of Immigration.

Shall immigration be restricted, and, if so, how and to what extent, is one of the important questions that will in all probability occupy the attention of the coming session of congress. Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, is the chairman of a committee on the subject which is now sitting in this city, not for the purpose of taking testimony, but of discussing amendments to the law. His views on the subject are radical, but not more so than those of the Knights of Labor as enunciated by Mr. Powderly.

The New Hampshire senator and the general master workman are both of the opinion that immigration should be prohibited for a period of years, Mr. Chandler placing the limit at five. "Wages," he asserts, "cannot be maintained up to their present standard in this country unless immigration is stopped. If wages are reduced the Democrats will be swept out of power by popular sentiment." He addnces these as reasons why, were he a Democrat, he should vote for the five years' suspension.

Republicans and Democrats are alike interested in the preservation of the republic, in its growth, progress, development, on sure, broad, steady, time enduring lines. To that end let us all unite. The republic should be the first care of every American, no matter to what party he belongs.—New York Recorder.

Sums Wagered on the Turf.

There are no data obtainable in this country upon which even a remote approximation could be made as to the total of the sums wagered in the course of the year upon turf events. That it is large may be safely assumed; but we should doubt much whether the French, in their comparatively recent fervor for betting upon horse races, have not largely exceeded the amounts wagered in this country.

The figures given by a Paris correspondent show that 10 per cent. levied on all sums staked in the Pari-Mutuel machines amounted for the last four months of last year to 2,026,859 francs, representing a total wagered of 101,342,950 francs or over £4,050,000 in four months. This of course is altogether irrespective of the sums wagered at the clubs or with the large bookmakers, and represents only the small sums laid on the course with the smaller men of that class.—London Tit-Bits.

Mice Destroy a Miser's Hoard.

Edward Kelly, an aged farmer living near Griffin's Corners, Delaware county, is known in the neighborhood where he resides as somewhat of a miser. He places no faith in banks or securities, except greenbacks. Some time ago he sold a tract of land for a large sum of money, which he added to his accumulated hoard, making in all nearly $10,000. This week he had occasion to examine his treasure, which he kept secreted in an old bootbox, concealed among a quantity of newspapers. He was surprised to find that some mice had entirely destroyed his fortune in preparing for themselves winter quarters. Not a piece of money was left large enough for identification. The old man raved like a maniac when he discovered his loss.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Tickled Almost to Death.

Tommy Pooler, about nineteen years old, one of the nervous sort known as "jumping Frenchmen," was forcibly held by a young negro and tickled so severely that he burst a blood vessel. Hemorrhage from the mouth and nose resulted, and this the physicians have been unable to stop. The priest from Waterville was sent for and arrived Monday night. Tuesday Pooler was very low and apparently near his end.—Dexter Cor. Eastern Argus.

Not an Unnatural Error.

Police Commissioner—Mr. McGobb, how did it happen that you let a raving lunatic go around terrorizing people on your beat for a whole afternoon?

Officer McGobb—Sure I thought he was some felly payin a 'lection bet.—Indianapolis Journal.

The New York Bank Wreckers.

In view of the recent release by pardon of George H. Pell and James A. Simmons, the alleged "wreckers" of the Sixth National, Lenox Hill and Equitable banks, I made inquiries yesterday to ascertain if there was any reason why executive clemency should not as well be extended to General Peter J. Claassen.

United States District Attorney Mitchell was asked, among other questions, if there was, in his opinion, any reason why Simmons, convicted upon Claassen's testimony as an accessory to an embezzlement, was any more entitled to mercy than Claassen, the alleged principal in the transaction. Mr. Mitchell said that in the eyes of the law the accessory was as guilty as the principal. He excused himself from expressing an opinion as to the merits of Simmons' pardon or the likelihood of one being obtained for General Claassen.

It is understood that Mr. Mitchell was not favorably inclined to the pardon of Simmons. The jury, however, made a recommendation of mercy, which led Judge Benedict to impose a sentence of but six years for an offense the penalty of which is a minimum of five and a maximum of ten years. So far as this goes, it only brings into stronger relief the injustice of retaining Claassen in jail while pardoning the other.

Claassen was always regarded by business and financial men as the least guilty of the trio. He so testified, and his friends and many others believed that he was entirely innocent of any knowledge of the "check kiting" operations carried on by Pell and Simmons.—New York Herald.

St. Charles, Mo., during its existence has been under the dominion of three flags—namely, Spain, France and the United States.

AN ALTERNATIVE.

's Byron on my shelf, and Shelley, too;
re's dear old Doctor Holmes, and Thomas Moore,
Wordsworth just below him, bound in blue,
Browning's works stand over by the door.

's Milton, Scott, Macaulay's "Lays of Rome;"
re's Tennyson and Matthew Arnold terse;
fellow, Shakespeare and Rossetti's tome;
odes of Horace and blest Omar's verse.

ist these riches are in my poor eyes,
n't decide which poet on my shelf
ad tonight, and so I'll compromise
d read these "Rhymes" in full calf by myself.

—J. K. Bangs in Harper's Weekly.

THE FEUD.

was certainly a first rate feud a source of much pride to the lers in and about Hickey town p, just as a haunted house, or a rder mystery, or a long lived scan might have been—only the feud s much more satisfactory, because had been on for four years, and dly a month had passed, during that time, that had not witnessed ne new episode in the affair, and h one seemed more startling than predecessor. And so it was that good people of Hickey township ld their heads just a little bit gher than their less fortunate ends who resided in more peaceful rtions of the country.

It—the feud—all started on account a yearling calf, than which, per it me (a stock raiser of limited but aitful experience) to interpolate, ere never was nor can there ever a creature more hopelessly, unasonably "ornery," and one more oductive of sinful language and splay of sultry temper on the part its keepers. Yearling calves have used the recording angel more onble, broken up more old friendips, produced more family jars, ad, in the form of veal, begotten ore indigestion and the insomnia esultant therefrom than—but this not an essay on the sinful, sportve steerlet and his shortcomings.

The Walkers and the Benedicts ad been old neighbors for years back in Ioway." In fact, the elder Valkers and the elder Benedicts had een married about the same time—t the beginning of the war—and had ust settled on adjoining homesteads when the first gun was fired on Sumer. The men enlisted in the same ompany, fought side by side, ate nd slept and suffered together, and t home their young wives waited nd wept together.

When the little Walkers and the little Benedicts grew large enough to run about they were playmates and boon companions; the children of one family felt as much at liberty in the home of the other as they did in their own—for twenty-eight years the two families lived in peace and amity, and then that miserable calf precipitated an irreparable row. It was too bad, all the neighbors said, but it is a noticeable fact that none of them attempted to patch up a peace—life in Hickey township and at Hickey Corners would have been dull indeed but for the feud; so everybody sat by and watched each new phase of the affair with nervous, morbid interest and commented thereon, but not in the manner likely to prove conducive to a truce on the part of the disputants.

It was this way: The Benedict and Walker houses had been built on adjacent corners of the homestead quarters, and were quite close together; in fact, one well, sunk on the quarter section line between the two homesteads, had furnished water for both families for the first four years after coming to Dakota, and it was only a short distance from either house.

But it came to pass that on the Walker domain there was born and grew and waxed fat and "sassy," a brindle calf, with a right smart chance of white in its eye and a plethora of deep dyed mischief in its soul—and he (for it was a young gentleman "critter"), while yet of a tender age, but tough record, engendered the feud.

He had wandered away the day before, and when he returned at night, the gates of the calf pen was shut against him, and in the morning, when Papa Benedict arose from post breakfast family prayers, and, followed by the younger male Benedicts, hied him toward the stable, he beheld his neighbor's incipient steer nipping in the bud sundry young and toothsome cabbages and kicking out of the earth, in his bovine abandon, all he could not eat.

Then was Papa Benedict wroth, and thereupon did he give way to naughty, profane words, while the young Ben dicts surrounded the offending calf and brought him up for judgment.

Now Papa Benedict was a man of hasty temper, but easily calmed; so, when the calf was tendered him at the end of a long picket rope, his wrath had decreased several degrees, and he wound the rope around his hand and started to lead the calf home.

It was while he was pondering on what to say to the calf's owner that the calf suddenly remembered a previous engagement and started in some haste to keep it, heading directly across the croquet ground. Papa Benedict wished to follow with more dignity than the calf desired, and presently his feet were scraped from under him by a wicket, and we was being handled the way the vaqueros in South America are supposed to make butter—at the end of a lasso. He did not look very neat when, a few minutes later, he reached the Walker residence and called his neighbor out. He was holding the calf up short, but his temper had slipped its tether and caused him to say bad words, to which Papa Walker replied in kind, whereat Papa Benedict seized a convenient neck yoke and killed the cause of the trouble.

Of course there was a fight and considerable ill chosen language. Then, as soon as possible, Papa Benedict sued Papa Walker for the damage to his cabbages, and Papa Walker sued Papa Benedict for the value of the calf. After that they prosecuted each other for assault and battery; the younger members of both houses "sassed" each other at every available opportunity; Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Benedict did no more "neighborin," and Mort Benedict and Nellie Walker "busted up" with each other—that is, Nellie broke with Mort, who had a wholesome contempt for feuds and such nonsense and would fain have ignored the state of affairs, so far as Nellie was concerned, except for the opposition any overtures from him would have received on all sides, and especially from Nellie. So he had to grin and bear it, leaving, however, all hostilities to the others and speaking pleasantly to any of the Walkers he chanced to meet.

But finally, through a rash act of his own, he was forced into the feud. There was a husking bee of the good old fashioned sort at Thompson's one night, and the younger members of the hostile houses attended. During the evening Mort found a red ear in his pile, and he never knew what impelled him to do it, unless it was that Nellie looked so pretty and tempting, he took his former sweetheart in his arms and kissed her, not once, but three times.

As soon as it could be done without the girls knowing of it, Bud Walker and Harvey Free invited Mort and Pel Horner out into the moonlit pasture, where Bud insisted on "having it out." Mort demurred, but in vain, and much to his regret was forced to "lick" to a standstill not only the man he hoped some day to call his brother-in-law, but the latter's second as well, Pel Horner being a cripple and unable to accommodate young Free, who was "pinin" on account of his principal's defeat.

That settled it. Thereafter even tender hearted Mrs. Walker—who, like Mrs. Benedict, sincerely but silently regretted the trouble that kept her apart from her old time friends these four long years, and who had always had a pleasant greeting for all the family, especially for Mort, who was a great favorite of hers—cut him dead when she happened to meet him, and even the frigid inclination of the head with which Nellie had been wont to recognize his presence on those rare occasions on which they met was now denied him.

All this cut Mort deeply, but he was made of too tough fiber to show it; so till the end of the feud he tried to act as though he did not care—just as did Nellie, who, however, was obliged to confess to herself once in awhile that she did care "lots."

The spring of 188— is a memorable one in the history of many portions of the Dakotas. The amount of rain in the fall and the snowfall of the winter preceding had been very slight, indeed, and there were no spring rains to encourage the farmers. The creek beds and coulees were dry; the lake beds and sloughs were as innocent of water as powder magazines, and the matted grasses and reeds standing in them were as dry as was the grass on the prairies. Everything invited the fire fiend, whose work on the plains is so swift and thorough, and he accepted the invitation.

From the wheat regions up north came tales of his deadly work—of counties almost entirely laid waste, of hundreds made homeless and penniless, with nothing left even wherewith to wring their bread out of the soil.

In C—— county and its neighbors, however, all felt secure; the fires were far north of them, and being gradually exterminated. Besides, they were in the Jim River valley; it is curious how much confidence the proximity of a river wil' give to the settler who is threatened by prairie fires.

Mort Benedict and his father were returning from the county town one day, having been in to leave "mother" for a two days' visit, and to have the breaking plow repaired. For a day or two there had been rumors of fires only twenty miles or so to the north, and they were talking of this as they crossed the bridge four miles from home. As they reached the top of the hill on the west side of the river Mort glanced at the northern horizon, which was not distant, on account of a range of hills running east and west, and——

Did his eyes deceive him, or was that smoke, just rolling up above the line of hills?

"Look, father!"

Startled, the elder man did so.

"Good God, Mort! She's a-comin, an comin t' beat h—l too! We got t' race t' save anything!"

And race they did, but the fire was racing, too, and when they drove their panting horses into the dooryard the flames were only a few miles away and coming at lightning speed.

While Tom and Roy saddled their ponies and rounded up the live stock Mr. Benedict and the three elder boys and Bessie, in an incredibly short space of time, put into the two wagons everything that it was possible to save, after which Hal and George saddled their ponies, joined Tom and Roy with the herd, and the whole procession, headed by the two wagons, driven by Mort and his father, moved off at a rapid pace toward the river.

Then, and only then, did Mort notice that there was no sign of human life about the Walker place. His heart gave a leap.

"Bess!" he said sharply, "did—did they git away? Did ye notice 'em movin round?"

The girl's eyes opened wide. "Oh, Mort! I haven't heard or seen a sign of 'em all day!"

"Take them reins. I'm goin back an see."

He leaped from the wagon and ran back, noting as he did so how hot the air had become and how near the big wave of smoke was.

Mrs. Walker, singing softly as she bustled about the kitchen, was a bit startled to see who her unannounced visitor was.

"Mis' Walker, where's all your men folks? No, I didn't come fer trouble—only th's a prairie fire only a little ways off, an comin down like mad!"

Mrs. Walker sank into a chair. "Oh, heavens! An father sick abed an all th' boys over t' Berry's on a breakin bee!"

"Good Lord! Ain't I glad I come back! Where's th' hosses?"

"Oh, Mort! They're all loose in the paster!"

"Git what things ye wantuh save t'gether real quick! They ain't no spare time." And Mort tore out of the house like a madman, and down to the pasture, not noticing that Nellie had entered the kitchen and was staring at him, open eyed.

Both Mr. Walker's wagon teams were composed of animals usually as docile as lambs, but today, bunched together in a corner of the pasture, they sniffed the coming flames, and it seemed to put wild imps into their lumbering carcasses, and it was a long, trying time before Mort could catch two of them, swear, pray, try as he might—and the great fire rolled swiftly nearer. The wind had shifted from northeast to northwest. Mort saw, with a sinking at his heart, that there was an even chance of getting cut off from the river.

* * * * * *

Mr. Walker was on a feather bed on the floor of the wagon, and Mrs. Walker crouched beside him. Nellie ran back into the house for the family Bible, then climbed up beside Mort.

"Git up! Clk!" The heavy whip came down hard on the horses' flanks, and the race was begun.

Faster came the flames. The billow of smoke rolled over them, now and then dropping feathery grass cinders as it passed. They could hear the roar of the fire and feel its hot breath whenever the wind increased in velocity—and Jim river so far away!

Nearer came the great wave of flame; the air was dense and suffocating. Mort, in his frenzy, lashed the now running horses incessantly, cursing, praying, saying he knew not what. Mrs. Walker wept and prayed; Mr. Walker now and then gave a feeble moan; Nellie, on the seat beside Mort, kept her lips tightly closed and said nothing, only clinging to the seat more desperately as the wagon bounced and lurched.

Mort looked at her; her silence angered him. "Git off'n th' seat!" he roared. "How d'ye think I c'n drive with you sittin thar?"

The girl obeyed, and fell, rather than climbed, back into the box.

Mort Benedict's recollections of what occurred after that are very dim. He remembers driving deeper and deeper into the terrible heat and smoke, of tearing through a volume of flame that seemed endless—flame that burned his eyes, his nostrils, his throat, and scorched his hair and eyebrows—then, with a final leap, the horses dashed down the slope into the shallow river, and he knew no more.

* * * * * *

When Mort awoke he could not for some time realize where he was, and lay for some minutes trying to remember. Oh, yes; he was in Will Berry's room. He remembered the antlers on the wall and the white curtains at the windows. Some one came in softly from the next room.

"Who is it?" he asked.

It was Nellie, and she came and leaned over him. "It's me, Mort. I've be'n here all th' time. I thought ye knew me sometimes. You've be'n sick."

"Are ye here t' stay, Nell—always, I mean?"

She sat down on the edge of the bed and put her hands on his shoulders.

"If yo' want me to, Mort."

He drew her face down to his, but put her at arm's length presently.

"But how about th' feud, Nell?"

"They ain't no more feud, Mort."

—R. L. Ketcham in Argonaut.

A Bradford shoemaker has a card in his window reading, "Any respectable man, woman or child can have a fit in this shop."

Death of a Recluse.

The bachelor hermit of Clinton county, Owen Mulligan, has paid the debt of nature and joined the great majority upon the other shore. He was a remarkable man. He emigrated to Clinton county upward of a half century ago and accumulated a neat fortune there. He was at the time of his death worth $100,000. The hermit reached the ripe old age of ninety years. He lived all alone in a modest farmhouse a few miles from Aviston. Many years ago robbers broke into the farmhouse, and, believing there was money hidden there, they tortured the hermit to make him give it up. His feet were burned black by tallow candles, but he kept his secret. After that he purchased a shotgun and prepared for robbers.

A few years later he was awakened one night by robbers in the house. They had forced an entrance into the house through a door and were hunting for the hermit with drawn revolvers. He leveled his shotgun at one of the robbers and pulled the trigger. The villain's head was literally blown off. The other robber escaped. The dead man was never identified, and he was buried by the county. Owen Mulligan's fortune will go to relatives in Ireland.—Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Youth Who Would Be Happy in Life.

There is one young gentleman in London who is determined that marriage shall not be a failure with him at least. He took the young lady he was engaged to to the Lyric theater on Monday evening and installed her in a box. In the next box was another young fellow, handsome and dashing, with whom the young lady established a lively though surreptitious flirtation. Young fellow No. 1 protested in vain, whereupon he left the box, reappeared at that of the masher and told him that the young lady in the next box wished to make his acquaintance.

Young fellow No. 2 was delighted, and accompanied young fellow No. 1 to the presence of the fickle fair one, and young fellow No. 1 introduced them, saying quietly, "This gentleman will see you home." He then left the theater, and the young lady has never seen or heard of him since. All parties are well known in good society, and consequently the affair is much gossiped about.—London Letter.

Fine Threads.

If your nerves were steady enough to admit handling the silkworm's threads and you were to take a carpenter's rule and lay such threads side by side until they covered the space of an inch, you would find after completing the task that you had handled exactly 1,009 threads.—St. Louis Republic.

BISMARCK'S REPLY.

How the Price That France Had to Pay Germany Was Settled Upon.

It was at Versailles, in that fateful February of 1871, when Paris had just capitulated and the spokesmen of victorious Germany and humbled France were haggling over the bargain of a peace. It was already apparent that finance was to play a prominent part in the settlement, and some of the ablest and strongest financiers of Berlin and Frankfort had been brought westward to Versailles for counsel and assistance.

At their head was Herr Schwabach, the leading brain in the great Bleichroder combination, but even he shrank from the responsibility of managing alone so vast a transferral of coined wealth as was contemplated, and urged that his father-in-law, Alexander Mendel, whom he regarded as the astutest and most capable money manager in Europe, should be sent for from London. This was done, and old Mr. Mendel attended the conferences held between the parties to the negotiations.

It was at one of these that Bismarck, pressed bluntly to name the minimum war indemnity which the new German empire would consent to take, blurted out those tremendous words:

"Cinq millards."

There was dead silence for a moment. Then Jules Favre, springing to his feet, poured out a rhetorical and impassioned protest against this vast exaction.

"Have you reflected," he asked the chancellor, in conclusion, "what such a sum of money—five thousand millions—really means? Why, sir, if a man, miraculously preserved against our common mortality, had been born on the very first day of our Christian era, and had ever since gone on, night and day, putting franc pieces one by one on a pile, he would not even by this time have got such a mass together as you demand."

Bismarck merely smiled and laid his big hand on the London financier's shoulder:

"That is very interesting about the Christian era man, but my friend, Mr. Mendel, is a Jew. He had been counting franc pieces 4,000 years before your fellow began. So you see it is all right."—New York Times.

On a Mississippi River Packet.

There was a fine barber shop and "washroom" on the packet, and the barber and I often conversed, with a razor between us. He asked me once how I liked my hair trimmed, and I said I always left that to the barber.

"Dat's c'rect," said he. "You kin leave it to me safely, and you kin bet I'm more than apt to do it in de mos' fashionablest manner." Then he turned and called to his assistant, a coal black boy who working his way to New Orleans: "Hey, dere, you nigger! Git me a high stool outen de pantry. How you 'spect I'ze gwine cut de gemmen's ha'r ef I doan' hab no stool?"

I mentioned the fact that the roustabouts were working very hard.

"Dat dey is," said the barber. "We call 'em 'roosters' on de ribber, but rous'about is more correc'. Dey wuk night and day, an dey git mo' kicks dan dollars. Ef I got rejuced so's I had to do manual labor, I'd go stealin 'fo' I'd be a rooster. Certain su' I would, 'cause dey couldn't wuk a man no harder in de penitenshuary ef he got caught dan dey do on dese boats."—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

Curious Animal Superstitions.

The cougar, puma, or "mountain lion"—mo-keit-cha, in the Queres tongue—is to the Pueblo the head of animate creation. In this curious mythology each of the sixlike groups of divinities—"The Trues"—which dwell respectively at the six cardinal points, includes a group of deified dumb animals. They are Trues also, and are as carefully ranked as the higher spirits, or even more definitely. The beasts of prey, of course, stand highest, and of them and of all animals, the puma is ka-bey-de, commander in chief. Under him there are minor officials—the buffalo is captain of the ruminants; the eagle, of birds; the crotalus, of reptiles. There are even several other animal gods of the hunt—the bear, the wolf, the coyote—but he is easily supreme. The hunter carries always a tiny stone image of this most potent patron, and invokes it with strange incantations at every turn of the chase.—Scribner's Magazine.

Some Vegetable Malformations.

Below ground there are more abnormities to be found than most persons are aware of. The peculiar conditions that attend the subterranean habit favor monstrous growths. Not long ago a cluster of sweet potatoes was brought to me. Some were all red upon the surface, others were all yellow, and some were one-half red and the other side yellow. The Irish potato is fertile in its freaks. Seemingly not content with the underground situation, potatoes sometimes appear upon the branches among the leaves.

Occasionally a potato when planted whole will develop other new and small potatoes beneath the skin and out of sight, which only calls to mind how a hollow turnip may have its cavity filled with an aftergrowth of foliage, only to be discovered when the root is cut in two.—Professor B. D. Halsted in Popular Science Monthly.

International Copyright in Italy.

It is to be hoped that the international copyright, which has just been proclaimed as between Italy and the United States, between President Harrison and King Humbert, may not throw the plaster cast industry on both sides the Atlantic into economical spasms. But the current year has developed, and that the coming year promises still further to develop, an almost alarming fecundity among the sculptors of Italy in the way of sketches, molds and casts intended to "disfigure and present" everything which did or did not happen, as well as everything which ought and which ought not to have happened to the discoverer of the New World.

Hardly three weeks ago, for example, Signor Cesare Orsini (who bears a name cherished by Italian patriots) opened in the Via Nagio at Rome "a Columbian exposition" of models in clay and plaster, intended to represent all the possible and impossible phases of the career of Columbus. No artist appears to have dealt with Columbus in his cradle, or with Columbus at the marriage altar, but Signor Macaghani contributes an alarming image of an angel whisking off to heaven the soul of the dying navigator, and Signor Guilianotti an astonished image of Columbus catching his first glimpse of the New World. Nine at least of these works of art are intended, as our Roman correspondent informed us, to decorate the Capitol at Washington. It is to be hoped no time will be lost by the artistic and aesthetic members of the senate and the house in preparing to receive this worshipful emigration with the whole force, if necessary, of marines and artillery at the disposal of the federal government.—New York Sun.

Love at First Sight.

Last winter D. W. Little, one of the adobe farmers on the west of town, shot into a band of geese. A white gander was struck and had one wing broken. Mr. Little took the goose home and gave him to his boys, who doctored his wing, and he soon became so tame as to follow the boys wherever they went, eat from their hands, and even poke his head into their pockets for corn or wheat. A few days ago a band of wild geese flying over the premises and making their usual clatter attracted the attention of the domesticated gander, which gave an outlandish display of quacking and shrill yells in goose language that had a most startling effect with the band flying past.

A fine white goose was seen to leave the band and shoot down until it landed in the yard at the side of the pet, and the meeting was demonstrative to an exciting degree. Their gabbling, quacking and amusing antics afforded as much fun for the boys who witnessed the meeting as they could have found at a circus. The new arrival refuses to leave, but will fly over the fence when the two are approached by the boys, and then fly back to its mate when the boys step aside.—Biggs (Cal.) Argus.

The Latest Hypnotic Yarn.

The latest hynotic yarn from the Charite hospital, Paris, casts all its predecessors into the shade. Dr. Luys, it appears, has been making experiments in relation to what he calls the "exteriorization" of the human body, and it is asserted that he succeeded in transferring the sensibility of a hypnotized woman into a tumbler of water. When the water was touched the woman winced, and when it was swallowed she went into a deadly swoon. How the drinker felt with another person's sensibilities in his vitals is not stated.

Dr. Luys next undertook to transfer sensibility from the woman to her photograph, and succeeded so admirably that when he stuck a pin into the picture the woman screamed. Not only this, but the mark of a scratch appeared upon her hand in exactly the spot where the pin had been applied to the photograph. It is lucky for Dr. Luys that he is living in the Nineteenth century, for many an old woman has been hanged and burned for doing this sort of thing.—Denver Sun.

The Loss in Gold Coin.

A remarkable example of the loss of gold by reason of abrasion came to the notice of the Chicago customs officials the other day. George W. Sheldon & Co. sent $15,000 in gold to the collector to pay duties. The sum was in equal amounts, made up of $5, $10 and $20 pieces. The teller found that the coin footed up all right taken at its face value, and it was sent over to the subtreasury. Pretty soon word came back to the collector that the $15,000 in gold was $1,935 short weight and the deficit would have to be made up before a receipt would be issued. Examination proved that the coin had been abraded to that extent—nearly 13 per cent.—Boston Globe.

Buried Under Seventy Tons of Coal.

James Bordley, of Chester, lost his life in a strange manner at the Wellman Iron and Steel works. The company have an appliance for loading coal into cars through chutes. Bordley was on top of a 400-ton pile of coal, and when the chute was opened he was sucked into the chute, and seventy tons of coal covered him over. Twenty men worked for an hour to move the coal pile, but when Bordley's body was recovered life was extinct.—Philadelphia Times.

Rolling a Peanut.

Some very funny election bets are now being paid here by good Republicans who were confident of the success of their ticket. A Sixth ward man rolled a peanut seven squares with a toothpick and had a broken back when his bet was paid.—Harrisburg Cor. Philadelphia Press.

John T. Stone, of Henderson, N. C., is the youngest editor and proprietor in the United States. He is the boss "hustler" of the Henderson Daily Hustler, and is only thirteen years old.

A vault 4 feet high, 4 feet wide and 7 feet long was uncovered a few days ago by workmen at Whitely, Ind., who were engaged in removing a peculiar mound.

William Penn's Treaty Tree.

History records that William Penn made his treaty with the Indians under an elm tree on the banks of the Delaware. The aged tree blew over in a storm many years ago, but young ones from it are believed to be in existence. In the hope of preserving this historic spot the city of Philadelphia has recently taken possession of two acres of ground in the midst of which this tree formerly grew, and some young specimen that has a clear and undoubted record as being the descendant of the original tree will probably be planted there. The plot has been taken in accordance with the recent small park movement. While preserving historic associations it will afford a breathing spot on the banks of the river for a dense manufacturing population, of which this is, in a measure, the center.—Providence Journal.

Mrs. Lease's Complaint Against Women.

In the course of an interview concerning her candidacy for a seat in the United States senate Mrs. M. E. Lease gave utterance to the following: "The strange part of this all is that of all the congratulatory letters I have received not one of them is from a woman. I am the only woman ever suggested for the office of United States senator, and it is very funny that none of my congratulations should come from women."—Kansas City Journal.

Benedict Arnold's Flagship.

A portion of the timbers of General Benedict Arnold's flagship, Congress, which sank in October, 1776, in Lake Champlain, has been raised by Captain C. W. Adams, of West Addison, Vt. The timbers are of oak and are sound.—Cor. New York World.

WOMEN AT ENGLISH RACES.

They Are Nearly Always Wealthy and Attend Because They Love Sport.

The women one sees at the races here are the women of the fashionable world, beautifully attired, escorted by gallants. They move about on the lawn, or preside at their luncheon tables under the trees or over their hampers in their carriages; they chat and promenade, take a light interest in the races, walk about the paddock and look at the horses, do the honors in a box or rest in their seats at the grand stand; but one doesn't see them hauling out money to put on a horse or chasing around to find out "what's good in this race." One doesn't see them consulting the tips in the morning papers, or Jack's tips, or anybody's tips, or in any way showing that they are afflicted with a severe attack of gambling fever.

The English women are the most charming feature of the English races. They, with their lovely toilets and holiday airs, give it the garden party flavor that helps to keep it a sport instead of a business.

But it's not in nature for them to always look on and never participate.

English women have a finger in the racing pie also. You'd hardly suspect it to watch them at the races, but they do. They are usually women who go racing for the love of the sport and who know more or less about the horses. When they want to bet they ask a commissioner, some gentleman who is betting for himself, or else some one they can tip for the trouble, to put a certain amount on a horse for them. No money passes on the course. The "settling" is all done away from there, and usually by letter and checks.

Women who bet heavily and continually—and there are such—transact their business directly with a bookmaker, just like a man. But this again isn't evident on the course. When such a woman fancies a horse she sends a telegram from her home the morning of the day he runs, making her bet, or she wires her bet—or "order"—from the course before the race. Usually, too, she's the sort of a woman who can retail the latest fashionable gossip in piquant style, while her equine "fancy" is adding to or subtracting from her bank account.

There are a great many English women who bet in this way, and who now and then stand to win tidy sums in the early books on big races. Then there's a lot of playful impromptu betting at places like Epsom and Ascot. I've seen ladies lean over the front of the boxes at Epsom and hand the shouting bookies who stand in line in front of them sovereigns and half sovereigns and name their horses, to give the day zest or "have it to say" that they were on a Derby or Oaks favorite.

And I've seen ladies going to and from the paddock at Ascot stop to have a look at the shouting ring, and go up to some bookie and make a bet "just to have the experience," and the bookie would be "as polite as a basket of chips," and the "experience" would be filed away with those other wonderful ones of hedged in lives, like a ride on Jumbo or a dash into the slums.—London Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

Native Wit in a Street Gamin.

Wit in the New York "young fellow," if sometimes brutal, is usually ready and often imaginative. An unmistakable oriental, in turban, baggy trousers, gay stockings and tinseled coat, sat on a bench in Madison square the other day, an object of interest to all the boys, and apparently not displeased at the attention he attracted. There came along presently, however, two rough looking young men, and one of them, pausing in front of the stranger, looked at him in undisguised astonishment. His first surprise over, he called back his fellow, who had passed on, and said, pointing to the oriental, "Jimmy, git on to this." The eastern stranger's splendor seemed to call up some strange picture in the rearward of Jimmy's imagination, for his instant answer was, "Oh, Cinderella: pull his fringes."—New York Sun.

Fogg's Alarm Clock.

Fogg staid up very late yesterday morning, or very early, if you like that expression better—at any rate it was nearly 4 o'clock before he had roughly footed up the amount he would have to pay in hats and cigars and wine and oyster suppers and climbed into bed. He was to arise in good season, and set the alarm clock to ring "for all it was worth" at 7 o'clock. It rang with a vengeance, and fearful that it would awaken the whole household he reached up, smothered the bell with his hand and took the clock down into the bed to hold it until it would stop ringing. When he awoke again the bell had stopped ringing and he was still hugging the clock, which truthfully asserted that it was after 9.—Hartford Post.

Philosophy from a Child.

Two of the Virginians who have come to the Pasteur institute to be vaccinated against hydrophobia were in grave consultation. "I am sorry you told the doctor that he must not hurt you," said the elder, aged twelve. "I am sure you would rather suffer than die."

"No," replied the other, aged six, "I would rather die and be born again and not be bitten by a dog."

Savants have tortured their brains for centuries and not found truer philosophy, and the innocent say things that make the experienced turn pale.—New York Times.

A Grateful Old Woman.

A dean was visiting his parishioners when one of them, an old woman, informed him that since they met "she'd gone through a sight o' trouble. Her sister was dead, and there wor a worse job than that; the pig died all of a sudden, but it pleased the Lord to tak' him, and they mun bow, they mun bow." Then the poor old lady brightened up and said, "But there's one thing, Mester Allen, as I can say, and ought to say—the Lord's been pretty well on my side this winter for greens!"—Exchange.

Always Willing to Loan.

Merchant (to persistent peddler)—Oh, don't bother me this morning. I wish you'd kindly leave me alone.

Morris Abrams (producing wad)—Why, shertinly, my frent, how much and vot iderescht vill you gif?—Kate Field's Washington.

Sumatra Buffaloes in Water.

The buffaloes in Sumatra, according to an English traveler, in fear of the tiger take refuge at night in the rivers, where they rest in peace and comfort, with only their horns and noses sticking above the water.

Handling a book with apparent respect or disrespect is of couse too fantastic a standard to be accepted literally, since physical awkwardness or nervousness may be responsible for harm rather than a lack of mental grace.

Aberdeen, O, July 21, 1891.

MESSRS. LIPPMAN BROS., Savannah, Ga.

DEAR SIRS—I bought a bottle of your P. P. P. at Hot Springs, Ark., and it has done me more good than three months treatment at the Hot Springs.

Have you no agents in this part of the country, or let me know how much it will cost to get three or six bottles from your city express. Respectfully yours,

JAS. M. NEWTON

Aberdeen, Brown County, O.

Newnansville, Fla., June 5, 1891.,

MESSERS LIPPMAN BROS., Savannah, Ga.

DEAR SIRS—I wish to give my testimonial in regard to your valuable medicine, P. P. P., for the cure of rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, biliousness, etc. In 1891 I was attacked with bilious muscular rheumatism, and have been a martyr to it ever since. I tried all medicines I ever heard of, and all the doctors in reach, but I found only temporary relief; the pains were so bad at times that I did not care whether I lived or died. My digestion became so impaired that everything I ate disagreed with me. My wife also suffered so intensely with dyspepsia that her life was a burden to her; she would be confined to her bed for weeks at the time; she also suffered greatly from giddiness and loss of sleep. Some time in March I was advised to take P. P. P., and before we (my wife and I) had finished the second bottle of P. P. P., our digestion began to improve. My pains subsided so much that I have been able to work, and am feeling like doing what I haven't done before in a number of years. We will continue taking P. P. P. until we are entirely cured, and will cheerfully recommend it to all suffering humanity. Yours very respectfully,

J. S. DUPRISS.

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Stock failing to live replaced FREE. R. D. Luetchford & Co., Rochester, N Y.

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Keeps the very best grades of

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FANCY SHOEING A SPECIALTY

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Boot and Shoe Maker.

Repairing of all kinds neatly executed. Gardena Avenue, south end of bridge.

SATISFACTION GUARAMTEED.

THE NEW WINE.

Unfermented Grape Juce for INVALIDS and Sacramental purposes, $7.50 per dozen quart bottles; $3.50 per doz., pint bottles. I have also a heavy

Concord Grape and Port Wine.

or $2.00 per gallon, delivered to any part of the city. Orders through the post-office promptly attended to. P. O box 774, or two doors south of the new school house, on Hennepin Street.

THOMAS ROBERTS.

$3000 [illegible] NEW [illegible] Maine.

P.P.P. CURES ALL SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES.

Physicians endorse P. P. P. as a splendid combination, and prescribe it with great satisfaction for the cures of all forms and stages of Primary, Secondary and Tertiary

P.P.P. CURES SCROFULA.

Syphilis, Syphilitic Rheumatism, Scrofulous Ulcers and Sores, Glandular Swellings, Rheumatism, Malaria, old Chronic Ulcers that have resisted all treatment, Catarrh,

P.P.P. CURES BLOOD POISON

Skin Diseases, Eczema, Chronic Female Complaints, Mercurial Poison, Tetter, Scald Head, etc., etc. P. P. P. is a powerful tonic, and an excellent appetizer,

P.P.P. CURES RHEUMATISM

Building up the system rapidly.

Ladies whose systems are poisoned and whose blood is in an impure condition, due to menstrual irregularities, are

P.P.P. CURES MALARIA

peculiarly benefited by the wonderful tonic and blood-cleansing properties of P. P. P., Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium.

P.P.P. CURES DYSPEPSIA

LIPPMAN BROS., Proprietors,

Druggists, Lippman's Block, SAVANNAH, GA.

For Sale by W. D. Duffin.

Parties indebted to us will please call and settle this week as we need the money.

D. A. FORD,

10 East First Street.

TWELVE GOOD 12 INSIDE LOTS

Also House and Lot in West End; also a fine Residence with all conveniences; will sell ON LIBERAL TERMS.

These Lots are Rare Good Bargains.

C. J. Rosbrook.

Hard and Soft Coal!

ORDER EARLY

BEST QUALITY

H. STREET, RIVER STREET

"I SAY! BUY A CAKE OF SANTA CLAUS SOAP, and thank me for calling your attention to it."

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GO TO

C. C. GODFREY,

FOR GROCERIES.

It you want a room Whitewashed or a portrait painted, McKenney's workmen can do it, 16 and 18 First Street.

FURNITURE!

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Latest Styles

—ARRIVING DAILY.—

COME AND SEE US

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H. CAMP & SON.

GALENA STREET

TO REDUCE STOCK

Having a large supply of all goods in the line of Merchant Tailoring, which must be reduced one-half in the next 60 days, will put prices way down lower than ever before to prepare for spring stock. We never advertise that which we cannot produce, and mean what we say. Please call and examine goods and prices.

M. CAHILL,

No. 9, First Street.

MACHINE SHOP!

Gun and Machine Repairs.

N. P. McKINNEY, Machinist, with the aid of James Boyer, an experienced gunsmith, has opened a shop, where he would be pleased to see his friends.

157 Hennepin Ave

A Great Benefactor.

"Educators are certainly the greatest benefactors of the race, and after reading Dr. Franklin Miles' popular works, we cannot help declaring him to be among the most entertaining and educating of authors."—New York Daily. He is not a stranger to our readers, as his advertisements appear in our columns in every issue, calling attention to the fact that his elegant work on Nervous and Heart Diseases is distributed free by our enterprising druggists, Tillson & Hayden. Trial Bottles of Dr. Miles' Nervine are given away, also Book of Testimonials showing that it is unequalled for Nervous Prostration, Headache, Poor Memory, Dizziness, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Fits, Epilepsy a

---

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

Small in size, great in result: DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Best pills for Constipation, best for Sick Headache, best for Sour Stomach. They never gripe. D. S. Horton, agent.

Success in everything depends largely upon good health. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are little health producing pills. See the point? Then take an "Early Riser" D. S. Horton, agent.

Strong Witnesses.

Among the thousands of testimonials of cures by Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, is that of Nathan Allison, a well-known citizen of Glen Rock, Pa., who for years had shortness of breath, sleepness, pain in the left side, shoulders, smothering spells, etc.; one bottle of Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure and one box of Nerve and Liver Pills, cured him. Peter Jaquet, Salem, N. J. is another witness, who for twenty years suffered with Heart Disease, was pronounced incurable by physicians, death stared him in the face, could not lie down for fear of smothering to death. Immediately after using the New Cure he felt better and could lie down and sleep all night, and is now a well man. The New Cure is sold, also Free Book, by Tillson & Hayden. 2

Headache is the direct result of indigestion and stomach disorders. Remedy these by using DeWitt's Little Early Risers, and your headache disappears The favorite little pills everywhere. D. S. Horton, agent.

Miles' Nerve and Liver pills.

Act on a new principle—regulating the liver, stomach and bowels *through the nerves*. A new discovery. Dr. Miles' Pills speedily cure biliousness, bad taste, torpid liver, piles, constipation. Unequalled for men, women, children. Smallest, mildest, surest! **50 Doses 25 cts.** Samples Free, at Tillson & Hayden's.

Don't Be Afraid.

So many people avoid crowds and large gatherings, because they are in constant dread of being tread upon, and having a pet corn or bunion painfully bruised—this can be avoided by the use of Chryso Corn Cure. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale by H. E. Donaldson, Druggist.

Nothing so distressing as a hacking Cough Nothing so foolish as to suffer from it. Nothing so dangerous if allowed to continue. One Minute Cough Cure gives immediate relief. D. S. Horton, agent.

A son of Mr. M. D. Pusser; a merchant of Gilbraltar, N. C, was so badly afflicted with rheumatism for a year or more as to be unable to work or go to school. His father concluded to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm on the boy. It soon cured him and he has since walked one and a half miles to school and back every school day. 50 cent bottles for sale by Tillson & Hayden.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.

For sale by Tillson & Hayden, druggists

If You Have

A Mattress to make over, Feathers to clean. a feather bed to make into a mattress, Clothes to clean, carpets to clean, anything you wish colored; if you wish to buy a new Mattress feathers or pillows, where the work is reliable, call on

C. P. JACKSON, 159 Hennepin Avenue.

Orders by mail given prompt attention.

INDORSED BY THE HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES

CUSHMAN'S MENTHOL INHALER

HAVE YOU ASTHMA CATARRH HEADACHE NEURALGIA

This MENTHOL INHALER will cure you. A wonderful boon to sufferers from **Colds, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, or HAY FEVER.** *Affords immediate relief.* An efficient remedy, convenient to carry in pocket, ready to use on first indication of cold. **Continued Use Effects Permanent Cure.** Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. **Price, 50 cts.** Trial free of Druggists. Registered mail 50 cents. H. D. CUSHMAN, Mgr., Three Rivers, Mich. U. S. A.

CUSHMAN'S MENTHOL The surest and safest remedy for all skin diseases. Eczema, Itch, Salt Rheum, old Sores, Burns, Cuts. **Wonderful** cure for **PILES. Price, 25 cts.** at Druggists or by mail prepaid. Address as above. **BALM**

HUNTED 'EM DOWN

Outlaws Tackle a Bank at Waverly, Kas.

CITIZENS TURN OUT WITH GUNS

And the Coffeyville Fight Is Re-Enacted—A Stern Chase Results in Which One Citizen Is Killed and Two Farmers Wounded—A Hot Pursuit Well Prosecuted, Enlivened With Gun Play, Results in Bringing the Desperadoes to Bay and Their Capture.

FORT SCOTT, Kas., Jan. 28.—The little town of Waverly, this state, on the Missouri Pacific and Santa Fe roads, was yesterday afternoon the scene of a daring bank robbery almost as destructive to life and fully as sensational as the recent and last raid of the notorious Dalton gang at the town of Coffeyville, where the three Dalton boys met their tragic death. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, just after the funds of the bank had been securely locked in the time safe of the Bank of Waverly, two men bearing the countenances of the desperate characters they proved to be entered the bank and leveled their Winchesters on Cashier Duvall, at the same time ordering him to hand out every cent in the vault.

They Paralyzed the Cashier.

The cashier, almost senseless from the sudden precipitation of such a predicament, informed them that the time lock had just been set over the money, and therefore he was helpless to comply with their demand. They were, however, reluctant to believe him and it was with difficulty that he convinced them that what he said was the truth. They then demanded the deposits which had been left after the safe was closed, and the cashier gave them $60, the entire amount available. While they were in the bank a depositor entered with a large amount of cash in his hands, but at the warning of the cashier he fled.

Citizens to the Rescue.

The presence of the desperadoes thus became known to many outside the bank and a posse of citizens armed with Winchesters was immediately organized and started for the bank. Meantime the robbers became alarmed and left the building, fleeing down through an alley where their horses had been left fresh and in readiness for their escape. J. A. Engleman, a laboring man who happened to be passing the bank as they left it, started in pursuit and began firing on them with a revolver.

One Victim of the Outlaws.

Anticipating a fight the two outlaws turned on him and fired, sending two balls from their Winchestess through his body. One penetrated his head and the other his right breast, instantly killing him. They then mounted their horses and dashed out of the alley into a remote street and, taking a westerly direction, left the town. The posse, more keenly incensed by the atrocious murder of their fellow townsman, followed in hot pursuit. The miserable sleety weather was a great impediment to the rapid flight and the enraged citizens to the number of twenty were in a few moments within Winchester range.

Two Farmers Reported Wounded.

Periodical firing was indulged in, but the robbers were too sensitive of their danger to spend time firing, and spurred their animals onward. After a fearful ride of twelve miles, during which the posse was recruited by farmers along the route, they reached the town of Lebo, their horses exhausted. The two refugees entered a barn and opened fire on their pursuers, which was returned from a distance and kept up for a time, but with no fatal effects, though two farmers are reported severely wounded.

Surrender of the Desperadoes.

The country for miles about was aroused and the posse began to press in on the desperadoes, who finally signified their surrender by throwing their guns from the barn. They were seized, taken back to Waverly and placed in jail. It is quite likely that they will be mobbed.

AN OPIUM EATER'S MANIA.

She Leaves Her Husband and Gets Her to a Nunnery.

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.—A dispatch to The Sun from St. Louis says: Charles W. Pafflow Thurs lay applied for a writ of habeas corpus to secure his wife's release from the convent of the Good Shepherd in this city. Pafflow was married to Mary King in Dallas, Teh., in 1890. For a year they lived together happily, and then the wife became addicted to the use of opium Pafflow and his wife moved to St. Louis several months ago. She kept up the use of drugs, and on Nov. 30 abandoned her husband. She went to the House of the Good Shepherd and has been there ever since.

Wants To Be Left Alone.

Mr. Pafflow tried to induce her to return to him, but he failed. She sent him word that she had no desire to see him and would be glad if he would leave her alone. The mother superior said Mrs. Pafflow was a remorse stricken woman. She would not consent to see Mr. Pafflow because she did not consider him her husband, claiming that she had married another man before she met Pafflow and that this man, from whom she had never been divorced, was still living.

Trainmen Charged with Thieving.

PUEBLO, Col., Jan. 28.—Twelve trainmen were arrested at Trinidad and La Junta during Thursday night charged with car thieving. They were employed on the New Mexico branch of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad. It seems that the company has been losing a large amount of freight from cars in transit and has had secret service agents out tracing the leak. There is the greatest consternation among the employes along the line of the Santa Fe, as there are the wildest rumors afloat as to the extent of the thefts and the conspiracy.

He Helped Defend Sumter.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., Jan. 28.—General Adam Doubleday died Thursday evening at his home in Mendham, about four miles from this place. General Doubleday, who was 74 years of age had been suffering for some time with Bright's disease. He leaves a widow, but no children. General Doubleday was a lieutenant in the Mexican war. He also took an active part in the civil war and was one of the first to return the fire against the enemy when Fort Sumter was fired upon.

Two More Deaths at Alton.

ALTON, Ills., Jan. 28.—Two more deaths resulted yesterday from the Alton Junction casualty, the victims being Joseph Hermann and Otto Hagerman, two 12-year-old boys. Both died at St. Joseph's hospital, the former at 6 o'clock and the latter at 10 o'clock yesterday morning.

TWO MEN BLOWN INTO BITS.

A Dynamite Plant Explodes Near Bessemer, Ala.

BESSEMER, Jan. 28.—The Sterling Dynamite plant, situated at McAdary, two miles from Bessemer, exploded with terrific force yesterday. Glasses rattled in the windows in town and buildings shook. The dynamite plant trees were blown up by the roots and great holes made in the ground. Two of the employes, Jim Parsons and George Williams, were in the composing room, where the explosion occurred. It is supposed they let a stick or something fall. They were instantly killed and only small pieces of skin and bones can be found to tell of their horrible fate.

ABBREVIATED TELEGRAMS.

Miss Mary Moody, a niece of Evangelist Moody, is about to enter the missionary field.

Miss Louise Aldrich Blake has taken a "double first," in the examinations at the London university. This is the highest honor, as a student in medicine, ever taken by a woman.

Alfred Stout, a colored murderer was hanged at Easton, Md. He murdered Geo. Ditman, an aged farmer near Bohemia Manor, Feb. 1, 1891. His motive was robbery.

James W. Patrick, aged 74, and Elizabeth Wray, aged 18, were married at St. Joseph, Mo., and before the ceremony took place a document was filed in the county recorder's office by which the bride renounces all claim on her husband's estate, which amounts to half a million. This to satisfy the groom's children, who were kicking up a row.

Mrs. Ida Weston was arrested at Eagle, Wis., charged with stealing jewelry and the property found in her possession.

Arsella Spence, of Jackson, Tenn., has obtained damages of $12,000 from the Illinois Central railway for the death of her husband on that road. He was a fireman and was killed in a collision.

The Paris court has found a true bill against Ferdinand de Lesseps, the great engineer, for complicity in the Panama canal frauds.

The thirty-fourth anniversary of the birth of Emperor William of Germany was celebrated yesterday all through Germany with great acclaim, and also in many cities of the United States. Russia's czar gave a dinner in honor of the day.

The London Chronicle says that the next English budget will provide for the payment of salaries to members of parliament.

Summonses have been issued for thirty men alleged to have been implicated in the Italian bank frauds.

The six-story brick building 62 to 66 Canal street, Chicago, was gutted by fire. Loss, $75,000.

The prosecution in the case of Beatty, on trial at Pittsburg for complicity in the Homestead poisoning cases, has closed and the defense will begin Monday.

Carnegie has arrived at Pittsburg, where he is in constant conference with his business associates, but refuses to see reporters.

Nineteen men were killed and 130 are imprisoned by an explosion in a coal mine at Tokon, near Gram, Hungary. It is believed that the imprisoned men are dead also.

The secret of petrifying human flesh was discovered by a Milan student in 1859, but he was drowned a few years later and the secret perished with him.

Gov. Altgeld Still Improves.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Jan. 28.—Governor Altgeld spent a quiet night and was improved yesterday. His appetite is fair and a considerable change for the better in many respects is noticeable. In the afternoon he went driving to Sulphur Springs, accompanied br Treasurer Ramsey and Dr. Pogue. He spent two hours in the country and enjoyed the drive.

The Weather We May Expect.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—The following are the weather indications for twenty-four hours from 8 p. m. yesterday: For Indiana and Illinois—Rain or snow; warmer in northern and cooler in southern portions; easterly winds. For Lower Michigan—Snow; warmer weather; easterly winds. For Upper Michigan and Wisconsin—Snow; warmer weather during today, colder tonight; easterly, shifting to northerly, winds. For Iowa—Snow; colder weather tonight; easterly, shifting to northerly, winds.

LIVE STOCK AND PRODUCE MARKETS.

Chicago.

CHICAGO, Jan. 27.

Following were the quotations on the board of trade today: Wheat—January, opened 78¾c, closed 74⅛c; May, opened 78¾c, closed 78¾c; July, opened 78c, closed 78¾c. Corn—January, opened 42⅞c, closed 43⅛c; May, opened 47¼c, closed 48¼c; July, opened 47¾c, closed 48¼c. Oats—January, opened 3 ⅝c, closed 3 ⅝c; February, opened 31¼, closed 31¼c; May, opened 34¾c, closed 35⅛c. Pork—January, opened $19.25, closed $19.50; February, opened $19.25, closed 19.50; May, opened $19.60, closed $19.75. Lard—January, opened $11.40, closed $11.60.

Live Stock—Hogs: Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Receipts for the day 17,000; quality rather poor; left over about 9,000; market opened active and strong, all parties buying; prices ranged about 10@15c higher; sales ranged at $5.55@7.35 pigs, $7.10@7.75 light, $7.55@7.7 rough packing, $7.50@7.90 mixed, and $7.75@8.15 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Receipts for the day 7,000; quality only fair; market moderately active on local and shipping account, and prices without material change; quotations ranged at $5.30@6.00 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.70@5.20 good to choice do., $4.00@4.60 fair to good, $3.40@3.80 common to medium do., $3.00@3.75 butchers' steers, $2.00@2.75 stockers, $2.50@3.25 Texas steers, $2.80@3.25 feeders, $1.25@2.75 cows, $1.50@2.70 bulls, and $3.50@6.50 veal calves.

Sheep—Receipts for the day 4,000; quality fair; market fairly active and steady at unchanged prices; quotations ranged at $3.00@5.20 per 100 lbs westerns, $3.20@5.40 natives, and $4.15@6.00 lambs.

Produce: Butter—Fancy creamery, 33c per lb; fancy dairy, 25@28c; fresh packing stock, 17@19c. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 28c per doz; ice house, 24@26c. Dressed Poultry—Spring chickens, 10@11c per lb; mixed lots, 9½@10c; turkeys, 13c; ducks, 11@12½c; geese, 9@12c. Potatoes—Wisconsin Rose, 65@68c per bushel; Hebrons, 65@67c; Wisconsin Burbanks, 70c Michigan Burbanks, 68@71c; mixed lots, 53@56c. Sweet Potatoes—Illinois, $4.00@4.50. Apples—Fair to good, $2.25@2.50 per barrel. Cranberries—Jerseys, fancy, $8.00@9.00 per barrel; Cape Cod, choice to fine, $10.00@11.00.

New York.

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.

Wheat—No. 2 red winter cash, 80¼c; February, 79⅝c; March, 80⅜c; May, 82⅝c. Corn—No. 2 mixed cash, 54½ 55c; February, 54c; March, 55⅛c; May, 55⅜c. Oats—Dull and unchanged; No. 2 mixed cash, 38½@38¾c; February, 38⅝c; March, 38c; May, 39⅝c. Rye—Dull and unchanged; western and state, 58@63c. Barley—Quiet; western quoted at 60@65c; six-rowed state, 75@77c. Pork—Dull but steady; old mess, $18.50@20.00. Lard—Quiet; May, $11.75.

Live Stock: Cattle—Trading active for all grades at an advance of 10c per lb; poorest to best native steers, $3.30@5.60 per 100 lbs; bulls and dry cows, $2.10@3.60. Sheep and Lambs—Market dul; sheep, $4.00@5.75 per 100 lbs; lambs, $6.25@6.65. Hogs—Nominally lower; live hogs, $7.50@7.85 per 100 lbs.

Beggs' Family Medicines.

Beggs, Cherry Cough Syrup is at the head for curing coughs and colds. It relieves all irritation at once and effects a permanent cure quicker than any other Cough Syrup on the market. Sold and warranted by D. S. Horton

---

The laws of health are taught in the schools; not in a way to be of much practical benefit and are never illustrated by living examples, which in many cases might easily be done. If some scholar who has just contracted a cold was brought before the school so that all could hear the dry, loud cough and know its significance; see the thin white coating on the tongue and later, as the cold developed, see the profuse watery exportation and thin watery discharge from the nose, not one of them would ever forget what the first symptoms of a cold were. The scholar should then be given Chamberlian's Cough Remedy freely, that all might see that even a severe cold could be cured in one or two days, or at least greatly mitigated, when properly treated as soon as the first symptoms appear. This remedy is famous for its cures of cough, colds and croup. It is made especially for these diseases and is the most prompt and most reliable medicine known for the purpose. 50 cent bottles for sale by Tillson & Hayden, druggists.

Piles! Piles! Piles.!

They can be relieved at once and in time effectully cured, by a thorough use of Beggs' German Salve. We give a positive guarantee with box. D. S. Horton. ‡

Sweet breath, sweet stomach, sweet temper all result from the use of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills D. S. Horton, agent.

Little, But Oh, My!

If you don't believe it, try Beggs' Little Giant Pills; they cannot be equalled, as they leave no bad results. One pill a dose. 40 doses one bottle. Ask D. S. Horton about them. ‡

The wind from the North blows sharp and keen, and bad effects of cold are seen. One Minute Cough Cure so safe and sure will quickly perform a wondrous cure. D. S. Horton, agent.

Sexafroo! Sexafroo! the wonderful tooth wash. If you desire a pearly white set of teeth and sweet breeth, use Sexafroo ask for and see that you get genuine Sexafroo and no other. Every bottle guaranteed by D. S. Horton. ‡

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mportant Testimony.

I have had sciatic rheumatism for eighteen years. The pains in my limbs and back were unbearable, and I could not use my left limb. I was confined to my bed weeks at a time with tormenting pains. Four bottles of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup entirly cured me. C. L DUHAM, Druggist, Avoca, Iowa.

How fearful those blothches look on your face! Are you aware that one bottle of Beggs' Blood Purifier and Blood Maker will not only remove them but cleanse your blood so that they will not appear again? Sold and warranted by D. S. Horton ‡

For pain in the stomach, colic, cholera morbus there is nothing better than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. For sale by Tillson & Hayden

---

Is you hair falling out or turning gray? Do not get discouraged and say it cannot be stopped. Beggs' Hair Renewer will effectually stop it. We give a positive guarantee with every bottle. D. S. Horon. ‡

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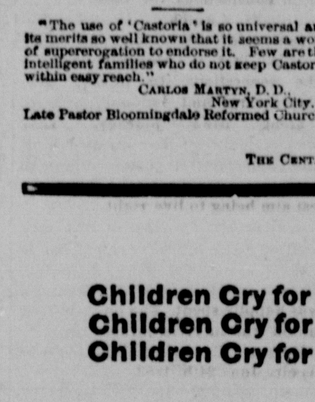
WE shall do the event honor with a number of special articles by noted writers, shedding new light upon many things of interest connected with the Father of his Country.

You Will Be Interested and Instructed.

There will be some interesting pictures also. As the number will be worth preserving, you should order extra copies at once.



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for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City. Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., "The Winthrop," 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.
Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.
Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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AMERICA'S FOREMOST FURRIERS

159 STATE STREET. CHICAGO, ILL.

We show more styles in

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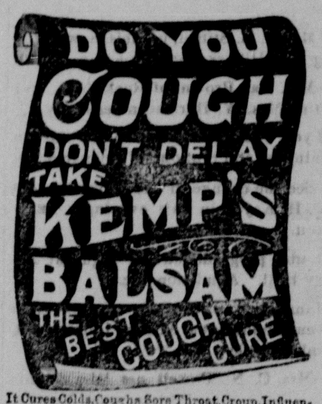
than all other fur houses in Chicago combined.

Our SOUVENIR CATALOGUE, showing our exclusive styles, mailed on application.



It Cures Colds, Coughs Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.00.

"The Pace That Kills"

is overwork—

makes no difference what kind. Using greasy and inferior soaps is one road to premature decay—sore hands—sore hearts—clothes never clean. Not so when

KIRK'S AMERICAN FAMILY SOAP

is used. Cheerfully proceeds the labor of wash-day with health and long life assured. Hands all right—hearts light—clothes pure and white as a Greenland snowdrift.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

Dusky Diamond Tar Soap. Makes the Skin Soft and Smooth.

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ORANGE BLOSSOM

IS AS SAFE AND HARMLESS AS

A Flax Seed Poultice.

It is applied right to the parts. It cures all diseases of women. Any lady can use it herself. Sold by ALL DRUGGISTS. Mailed to any address on receipt of $1.

Dr. J. A. McGill & Co., 3 and 4 Panorama Place, Chicago, Ill.

EVENING TELEGRAPH.

PUBLISHED BY
B. F. SHAW PRINTING COMPANY,
DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

Entered at Dixon P. O. as second-class matter.

TERMS:
Per Week.....10 cts | Per Year.....$5.00.
DELIVERED BY CARRIER.

Telephone, - - - Number 6.

WEATHER REPORT

For the week, commencing January 22, 1893.

	7 A. M.	2 P. M.	9 P. M.	Max.	Min.	Precp
Sun.	9	18	26	26	9	
Mon.	-4	23	16	25	-4	
Tues.	15	35	17	35	13	.50
Wed.	-7	22	13	23	-7	
Thurs.	12	6	-6	13	6-	
Fri.	2	14	22	22	-8	.16
Sat.	27	30				

R. R. TIME TABLE.

CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN R. R.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

No 1	Overland Limited ..... A	1:25 a m
No 7	Pacific Express ..... A	2:03 a m
No 11	Clinton Passenger C	12:13 p m
No 3	Omaha Express C	4:04 p m
No 9	Sterling Passenger C	7:27 p m
No 5	Denver Limited ..... A	8:54 p m
No 35	Clinton Freight	6:40 a m

No. 11 will run through to Clinton.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

No 8	Atlantic Express ..... A	5:26 a m
No 6	Denver Limited ..... A	5:22 a m
No 2	Overland Limited ..... A	6:51 a m
No 10	Sterling Passenger C	7:12 a m
No 4	Omoha Passenger C	10:47 a m
No 12	Clinton Passenger C	2:45 p m
No 16	Freight ..... A	7:38 p m
No 46	Freight C	755 a m

"A" Daily.
"C" Daily except Sunday.

F. L. MURRAY, Agent.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R

GOING SOUTH.

Passenger †	11:11 a m
Passenger †	3:36 a m
Freight Passenger †	6:20 a m
LaSalle †	6:10 p m
Freight	3:00 p m

GOING NORTH.

Passenger *	2:58 a m
LaSalle Passenger †	6:20 a m
Passenger †	2:35 p m
Freight †	6:10 p m
Freight	9:00 a m

* Daily except Sunday.
* Daily except Monday.

W. G. HARTSHORN, Ticket Agent.

The trains at the North Dixon depot are five minutes later going north and that time earlier going south.

C. G. ALBRIGHT, Agent.

STERN BRO'S, OPERA HOUSE
—BLOCK.—

EMBROIDERIES !

Made on Cambric, Namsook, India Linen and Swiss. We show twice as large a variety, twice as big a stock, as you will find anywhere in Dixon. Very dainty, very choice and very neat patterns; they not only look well, but are made so as to wear well too. The prices are extremely low, a great deal lower than you would think. Embroideries so well made as ours could be sold for, neat patterns for instance, at 1c, 2c, 3c and 4c a yard; dozens of patterns at 5, 7½, 8½ and 10 cents; dozens of patterns at 12½, 15, 19, and 25 cents, 24 and 27 inch Hemstitched Skirting Embroidery at 25, 50, 69 cents a yard and up.

STERN BRO'S.
Opera Block.

Maple Park Addition

IN CITY OF DIXON,

Located on the bank of Rock River, in West Dixon, is 5 blocks from shoe factory, 4 blocks from college and five minutes walk from depots.

CHEAP LOTS !

Plated in Lots 50x150 with 20-foot alleys.

Most Desirable in The City !

Lots will be sold on terms to suit purchasers, either monthly or otherwise. Parties may see plat and property by calling on J. H. Clark or at W. H. Hilles office

JOB PRINTING
—OF—
EVERY DESCRIPTION
—DONE AT THE—
TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

NORTH AND SOUTH
BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION!

Do you want a Home of your own if you do you can secure one on easy terms—and only pay a small amount more than you are paying rent by taking a few shares of Stock in The North & South Building and Loan Association of Chicago. We Loan money at Lower rate of interest than any other Association in the United States and only charge Interest on the Actual Amount you borrow, no Premium no Assesments, taking notes to be paid monthly, the borrower knows precisely how much he owes the Company as he receives his note as he pays them each month, we guarentee Class A to mature in 78 months and Class B in 120 months and withdrawel to investors on demand. We ask the citizens of Dixon to investigate our plan by calling on

MR. W. H. HAMILTON

the LOCAL TREASURER can be found at D. S. Horton's drug store, who will take pleasure in explaning our plan and recieve your application for stock. We have a regular organized Local Board in Dixon and fully authorized to do the business of placing Loans and selling stock.

END OF A LONG AND HONORED LIFE.

On the evening of the same day on which the earthly life of Hon. James G. Blaine was ended, another life—longer, and if unknown to fame, no less honorable or less honored within the circle of his immediate friends—went out. William W. Bethea, of Palmyra, has been a familiar name, and his a familiar figure in our midst for several generations, as he has walked among us from early manhood to feeble age.

Mr. Bethea was born in Marion district, South Carolina, May, 15, 1812, and was of Welsh descent on the paternal side. His father, Philip Bethea, who served in the war of 1812, and also in the Creek Indian war, soon after the birth of his son emigrated to Overton county, Tennessee, where the family lived until 1828, when they removed to Lawrence county, Indiana, where the father died in 1834, leaving a family of five sons and two daughters. Here William W. Bethea lived some five years, and in 1833, on attaining his majority, he married Miss Elizabeth Fender, who died in 1838. Two years subsequent to his marriage, and three years before the death of his wife, Mr. Bethea started west to seek a home, and the first of May, 1835, two weeks previous to his twenty-third birthday anniversary, he arrived at Dixon's Ferry, and being attracted by the beauty and fertility of the surrounding country, he located the farm in Palmyra township which became his permanent home As one of the earliest settlers of this section, Mr. Bethea has witnessed its development from the almost primeval wilderness of 1835, to the flourishing and populous community of today. At the organization of Lee county Mr. Bethea was elected Justice of the Peace, a position he worthily filled for thirty-eight years. In 1845 he was elected Treasurer of the county and held that position for two terms. Throughout his long life in this community, he has been conspicuous for those sterling pioneer qualities which distinguished the early settlers of this section, and which made his life a worthy example to the generations to follow, giving him warm and staunch friends all along life's journey. Like Father Dixon and Dr. Everett, two of his old-time compatriots, he possessed in small degree ambition for worldly honors, his highest aim being to live right.

After living twelve years a widower, Mr. Bethea was a second time married, in 1850 taking to wife Mrs. Emily Ferguson with whom over thirty years of domestic life was happily spent. The only child of this union who survived infancy is Hon S. H. Bethea. The wife and mother died in this city June 24th, 1883.

For some years Mr. Bethea's health has shown the feebleness of advancing age, and for reveral months he has been confined to the house. For the past two weeks, as his physical strength rapidly decreased, his mind acquired a wonderful degree of clearness, and he met the approaching end consciously, calmly, philosophically and without fear. About four o'clock yesterday afternoon, with many mourning friends at his bedside, his spirit peacefully passed to its rest.

The funeral service will commence at the homestead at 1:30 p. m. to-morrow, and proceed at the Palmyra church at 2:30.

—R. H. Mills is here from Moline.

—T. J. Miller is in Grand Detour today.

—Mrs. W. D. Duffin was taken suddenly ill yesterday.

—B. F. Randell, of Denver, is at the Nachusa House.

Armory Hall will be crowded to-night. Admission 10c.

—Mrs. J. B. Stitzel, of Nelson, was visiting Mrs. Hillary Burs yesterday.

—Mrs. Dan Brown, of Rock Falls, was visiting Mrs. W. Hartshorn yesterday.

If you want a croconole board for an evening go and rent one of Truman & Co.

—See the change in the advertisement of C. H. Keyes in this evening's TELEGRAPH.

Double program and last night at Armory Hall. Admission 10c.

Hamlin's Wizard Oil Co. will give their last entertainment at Armory Hall tonight Admission 10c.

—Mrs. C. N. Powell *nee* Miss Mamie Hawley and two children start Monday evening for their home at Omaha.

—Mrs. Elias Bovey's sleighriding party to Grand Detour was a great success. The supper was one that can be procured at the Sheffield House.

—Sheriff Stainbrook did not bring back from Sterling the McMonigal child whose custody is causing a controversy, as the little one was quite ill.

The gentlemanly advance agent of Geo. Hamler's attraction is here making arrangements for the company, which is to play for the week of Feb. 6th, at popular prices, 10, 20 and 30 cents, at the Opera House.

—The funeral services of Mrs. B. C. Deshon were held this noon at the Presbyterian church. Mr. B. C Deshon, the husband of deceased, and the sons, Ralph, Will and George, the latter being accompanied by their wives, were present from Chicago, Rev. Dr. E C. Sickels conducted the services.

—We print to-day, in the "Kicker's Corner," a communication on Roads that will probably meet with some opposition. The ideas advanced are not without merit, though not thoroughly digested, and in some respects open to considerable criticism. THE TELEGRAPH is open to the free discussion all phases of this important subject.

—That C. LeRoy Brown does not visit your place of business, enquiring for news for the EVENING TELEGRAPH, is explained by the fact that he is devoting more time to the study of shorthand at the college. He has assisted us ably for the past five months and will still be an occasional contributor. Please therefore give him items when you meet.

—Miss Jessie Harding a student at the Chicago Conservatory, read at a church entertainment on 47th street last Thursday evening, and this is what they say of her. "She was encored heartily and we bespeak for this young lady a very brilliant future." THE TELEGRAPH congratulates the young lady on her success and we are proud that she is a Dixon girl.

Go early to Armory Hall to-night for the Wizard Oil show if you want seats. Admission 10c.

KICKER'S CORNER.

Good Roads vs Taxes

EDITOR TELEGRAPH:—There is quite a talk about permanent roads and, as far as I have noticed yet, it seems to run in the same channel, and that ends down in our pockets.

Now while good roads would be a nice thing to have, I object to going down into our pockets to any greater extent to get them. But that scheme might meet with the approval of a majority of the people at large; yet I think it should not prevail, as it would unnecessarily burden quite a number of our people who are not able to pay an improvement tax. I say unnecessarily, for I think our present road tax, if properly expended, will build permanent roads if no other way is provided. I am not in favor of voting bonds for any scheme that might enter the minds of our people; thereby "keeping our nose forever to the grindstone," as the old saying goes, by increasing our debts each year instead of diminishing them. It would be equally as bright for a laborer who earns but a dollar a day to give seventy-five cents to charity. Economy should be the first study of our people. But with the American people it must be one of the last, and I sometimes think it does not enter their minds at all, by the way they jump into extravagant measures. I think it would be a good plan to call a halt on this bond-voting business. It has done more to cripple the growth of our country than any one thing; by it we have got our taxes so high now; that a great many of us don't get this year's taxes paid until next year's taxes are due.

Some one says the mite we wish for this improvement will not make anyone poor. Now that is the same old story; we have heard it often. It is one of those continued stories that we have already paid a high price for, and we have not heard the end of it yet. Look at the cities and villages throughout the state that have heard it once too often for their good.

Another says, don't wait for the state; it will take it so long to accomplish anything. What of it? By waiting, the roads are secured. Now that seems to be the proper thing to do. We could then adopt the Australian system or something similar in regard to convict labor thereby giving employment to our convicts in a manner that would not conflict with our free labor, and also we would receive a direct benefit from the tax we are paying to keep those convicts, that under the present system is a dead loss; for we soon could do away with the present road tax altogether. It is the only place to work criminals to the greatest advantage to all concerned, and I think it would have a tendency to lessen at least petty crimes. If they were worked in our midst and we could see how humiliating their circumstances are it would cause us to stop and consider ere we allow our passions run away with our judgement.

"Now, it is about all we can do to get along with our present obligations; yet, it will be natural for new expenses to arise as new conditions occur, and unless we economize, it will only be a question of time when it will be a burden to live, even in this country, and the sooner we stop voting bonds, and the sooner we make our public concerns self-supporting the better it will be for us, and any movement in that direction will meet with my hearty support. F. T.

—Never has there been a time when religion was viewed so broadly as to day, and all persons who have the courage to look theology squarely in the face will find the February *Arena* indispensable. In it Kinza Hirai, a profound scholar, who is descended from the royal family of Japan, and through whose personal munificence a large academy for free education has been opened in Japan, discusses "Religious Thought in Japan." This scholarly gentleman has made a careful study of the religion of the East, and his contribution is noteworthy. In the same magazine the eminent Unitarian divine, John W. Chadwick, discusses "The New Old Testament," and Rev. T. Ernest Allen (Secretary of the American Psychical Society) contributes a searching argument on "The Supremacy of Reason in Religion." The literary features of the *Arena* for February are a carefully prepared biographical sketch of the "Life, Character and Work of Charles Darwin" by the editor. A second argument in favor of Shakespearean authorship by Dr. W. J. Rolfe, the eminent Shakespearean scholar. A story by the Canadian poet William P. McKenzie, entitled "Was It Prophecy?" and a poem entitled "The Minority." This number is rich in able discussions of vital Social and Economic problems. It contains a number of well considered and timely religious papers, and some interesting Psychical discussions, together with a very interesting paper on 'Education and Character Building," by Professor Joseph Rodes Buchanan.

College Items.

Mr. Ernest Weishaar, of Grant, Neb., and a graduate of the Surveyor's Course, gave us a pleasant call Wednesday.

George Armstrong left for Beardstown, Ill., Thursday to accept a position there as operator.

Miss Bessie Brindlecomb is a new student in the Art department.

Debating sections were organized today under Prof. Rearick.

Prof. Heritage officiated as master of ceremonies at Chapel yesterday morning He seemed at home there as much as in the school room.

Miss E. Marie O'Brien, who has charge of Voice Culture in the Normal, favored the school Friday morning with two solos. The first, "The Birthday of the King," showed fully the compass of her voice. Miss O'Brien, as all who have heard her will acknowledge, is a very fine singer. Her tones are sweet, clear, pure and distinct from the very lowest to the highest.

Miss Kate Baldwin is visiting her friend, Nana Jewell.

We are glad to welcome Miss Anna Swope again in the music rooms.

J. Parsons, of Dixon, is a recent addition to the Actual Business rooms.

Among the new students in the Musical Conservatory are Lulu Walgreen, city, Carrie Sanders, Peoria, Lizzie Ingram, Champagne, and Gertrude Kimball, Ashmore, Ill.

All the graduates of the Musical Conservatory are required to hold music recitals. Miss Georgia Kentner is on for next Tuesday evening.

Dement Steps Out, Allen Steps In.

The Joliet *Weekly Republican* of yesterday, in speaking of the change of administration at the penitentiary, said:

"For the first time in several decades the democratic wing of the state is in possession of the penitentiary. The transition from republicanism to democracy was made on Wednesday morning, Jan. 25th, 1893, at 9 o'clock. The time and date should be noted as one of importance and interest to both great parties. After such a long term of occupancy it was to be expected that the demand for a change would be the cause of some friction Such, however, was not the case. As smoothly and as easily as could be imagined Warden Dement stepped out and Warden Allen stepped in.

* * * * * * *

"The board of commissioners and Mr. Allen have requested Warden Dement to remain a few days until the new officer gets the run of the great institution, and this Mr. Dement has consented to do. Speaking to a *Republican* reporter Mr. Dement said: 'Say that I am glad to stay and help my successor and say also that every man in the institution in authority will do his workas well from now on until he is relieved as it has been done before. The feeling between the outgoing and incoming administrations is most cordial.' Mr. Dement expresses himself as satisfied to be relieved of the anxious and burdensome load of care that naturally comes with such a responsibility.

"Warden Dement's family all left on Wednesday. Miss Nora goes to Dixon to visit an aunt; Miss Lucia and aunt, Mrs. Goodwin, go to Evanston and Mrs. Dement and youngest daughter will go to Springfield. As entertainers Mr. and Mrs. Dement have been exceedingly cordial and pleasant. The parties and socials at the prison have always been an immense success, and in this way both will be greatly missed. They have won many friends during their stay here, who regret to see them leave.

"Mr. Dement was appointed warden on March 8, 1891. Prior to that, 1881 to 1889 he served very creditably as secretary of state and following that was in the grain business in Chicago. He will probably engage in bussiness in that city again."

Y. P. S. C. E.

Christian Endeavor Day will be observed by the United Endeavor Society of the city of Dixon by holding a union service to-morrow evening at St. Paul's Lutheran church. Union consecration service will be held from six to seven o'clock, and at seven o'clock the regular programme arranged for the occasion will be carried out.

Church Announcements.

Every young man in our city is cordially invited to attend the song and gospel service in the Y. M. C. A. rooms every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 12. Y. P. S. C. E. 6 p. m.

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Regular services conducted by the pastor at 11 a. m. Young People's prayer meeting, 6 p. m Preaching at 7 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Preaching at 10:30 and 7 by the pastor, Rev. Hector C. Leland. Sunday school at 12; Y. P. S C. E. meeting at 6.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

First mass at 8 a. m. High mass at 10:30. Catechism for the children at 2:30 p. m. Sunday evening at 7:30 vespers and benediction of the blessed sacrament.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH.

Quarterly meeting tomorrow at the A. O. U. W. Hall. Sunday School at 9:45. Preaching at 10:45 and at 7:30. Rev. S. F. Entorf will conduct the services. Come.

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH.

Septuagesima Sunday. At 10:45 Morning Prayer, Ante-Communion and Sermon; Sunday school at 12; Evening prayer at 7 o'clock. All are invited.

METHODIST CHURCH.

Services at 10:30 and 7. Class at 9:45. Sabbath school at 12. Epworth League at 6 p. m. The public welcome.

Hundreds coming to see the Free Foreign Doctors of the Chicago Sanitary Institute, 281 and 282 Michigan avenue, (Lake Front; near Peck Court.) Chicago. They specially treat nasal catarrh, diseases of the eye, ear, throat, lungs, liver, heart, stomach, kidneys, rheumatism, nervous debility, and all various forms of female complaints successfully treated. Also fits, paralysis, piles, sick headache, urinary diseases. Examination Free. At the Nachusa house, Dixon, Ills. Owing to the rush the doctors will remain at the Nachusa house until the evening of the 30th inst.

WIGS FOR RENT.

Wigs for next Thursday's masquerade can be rented at Miss Anna Shelton's shop. Orders must be left by Monday evening. 9912

AT WHOLESALE.

Two Pianos, six organs. Must be sold. I am here for business a few days.
R. A. RODESCH,
2t Pres. Dixon Music Co.

Use Duffin's Life Balsam for colds.
97d&10w1m

Coughing leads to consumption Kemp's Balsam stops the cough at once.

"Orange Blossom", the commonsense Female Remedy, is sold and recommended by all druggists. D&W

TO THE TAX PAYERS OF DIXON.

I am now ready to attend to all who are ready to pay their taxes The time for collecting is passing away rapidy and I hope you will attend to it promptly. Office in Fargo & Pratt's shoe store.
90tf F. A. SWITZER, Collector.

Take Duffin's Sarsaparilla for the blood.
97d&10w1m

WANTED.

HAY.—The Dixon Ice Company will receive bids for the delivery of one hundred tons of slough hay at their ice house east of this city. 991w11tf

Butter and Cheese Makers'

Annual Association Meeting, at

DUBUQUE, IOWA.

For the above meeting, to be held FEBRUARY 7th to 10 10th, 1893, at DUBUQUE,

REDUCED RATES

of fare from all stattions on its lines in Illinois and Wisconsin, will be in effect over the lines of the

Illinois Central Railroad.

Tickets on sale February 4th to 9th, good to return until February 13th inclusive. For an

Illustrated Descriptive Circular.

giving full particulars, and including account of Dubuque, Premium List of the Association etc., address F. B. BOWES, gen'l Nor. Pass. Agent, I. C. R. R. 194 Clark street, Chicago. Tickets can be obtained of your home ticket agent.

A. H. HANSON, G. P. A.

A. G. Judd is the Dixon agent for a private party in Chicago having a new building arranged in 6 room flats. Each flat will be rented to 12 persons for ten days at 50 cents per day each person. Baths, lights, etc. Nine blocks from World's fair. Two clubs already organized here. Want a club for June 11-20 or any other time. Drop a card to me for further particulars. 93tf

Lane's Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary.

Cubeb Cough Cure—one minute

Soft coal that burns as clear as wood is nice, and Pitcher sells it. dw

Ladies call and get a free sample of Peach Blossom for the complexion.
36m3 MISS ANNA SHELTON, Hair-dresser.

A Pleasant Taste.

The French say when anything offends their taste that it leaves a bad taste in their mouths. This is the result of most medicines. People try to avoid the sensation by sugar coating pills and in this way to avoid the sensations of swallowing a bitter bolus, but the feeling is there and the lump still sticks in the throat. There is, however, a remedy that absolutely disguises all unpleasant taste. These are the Laxative Gum Drops. These Gum drops appear in size, taste and flavor like the ordinary gum drop of the confectioners, but they are so skillfully medicated that they act with certainty, but mildly without pain or griping. For dyspepsia, for indigestion and all stomach toubles they have no equal. They are put up in boxes, the small size at ten cents. The small size contain twelve, the large size form thirty-six to forty. making them the cheapest laxative in the market. Get them of any dealer; but if yonr druggist will not order them for you, write to us and we will send them to you by mail.

SYLVAN REMEDY CO.
Peoria, Ill.

OPERA HOUSE
Friday and Saturday, Feb., 3 & 4

One Long Laugh in the Merry Military Comedy entitled

TRUE BLUE

100 hundred people will appear in the play under the auspices of the Woman's Relief Corps, opening with a realistic revelation of southern life down south before the war, followed by the camp fire and prison scenes and the most beautiful Tableau ever presented on any stage.

Seats on sale at Truman & Co's
Admission 25, 35 and 50 Cents.

—CALL ON—
W. F. Hilles,

10½ FIRST STREET.

For Real Estate !
Fire Insurance !
Life Insurance, Etc !

Farm of 160 Acres for Sale !

LOTS IN
MAPLE PARK ADDITION
for sale on terms to suit purchaser.

Other City Property for Sale.

Remember!

That Discount Sale at J. A. Yates' runs only a few more days, that many have taken advantage of. There are still a few Boy's Overcoats left, worth from $3.50 to $10.00, that are being sold at $1.75 to $5.00. Great Bargains in all winter goods that must be sold to make room for spring stock. Yours to Please,

J. A. YATES

No. 6 EAST MAIN STREET

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAIL ROAD
Reduced Rates to the

Mardi Gras

AT NEW ORLEANS,
FEB 14th, 1893.

For the festivities of the above occasion, the Central Route will sell tickets to New Orleans and return from Dixon station at $24 65; excursion tickets at this rate being on sale Feb. 6th to 12th, good to return until March 7th, inclusive. In this connection there will be a

SPECIAL EXCURSION

Run via the Central Route to New Orleans, leaving points in Illinois and Wisconsin on

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 7th,

on which the journey can be made to the Mardi Gras City in special through chair sleeping cars

VIA MEMPHIS AND VICKSBURG

thus giving one the opportunity to go via the Yazoo & Mississippi Railroad, and return via the Illinois Central. For full particulars call on your local Illinois Central Ticket Agent.

A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Chicago.
Feb12d&w

I NOW HAVE PLENTY OF
THIRD VEIN SPRING VALLEY COAL!

Also of the coal that burns as clear as wood, which is the : : : :

Assumption Coal!

And all sizes of both : : : :

Lehigh Valley and the Genuine Lehigh Hard Coals

Of the the very best quality. Pine Kindlings and Dry Wood, also Hard and Soft Wood. Orders promptly attended to.

L. D. PITCHER
TELEPHONE NUMBER 19.

NEW LUMBER YARD!

It will pay anyone contemplating building to see and figure with us before buying lumber. Estimates Cheerfully furnished.

Head-Quarters for Green Gord Wood!

Drop us a card or ring us up if you want some good green wood.

J. H. SARLES & CO,
Telephone No. 104. Depot Avenue.

Muslin Sale!

The Great Advance in Muslins and Sheeting of all kinds has not reached us yet. Come and get your spring supply now. Prices right.

DO YOU WANT

A Study, a Framed Picture, Oil Painting, Artists' Material of any kind, or Decorated China? If so give us a call.

W. F. WEAVER & CO.

C. A. LUCAS, 156 Galena Av

Young People

Just starting in life, need FURNITURE. Now is the time to buy it, and the place is at C. H. Keyes.

Crockery, Glassware and Tinware,

Offered at actual COST, to make room for Furniture, is going. If you want to replace those broken cups and saucers, plates, etc., get them now.

C. H. KEYES,
63 Main Street.

Look! Look!! Look!!!

Owing to a shoe dealer not being able to pay for a large invoice of Rockford Shoe Co's Fine Shoes, they have come into our hands at a Large Discount. We can now offer this celebrated line at less than wholesale prices. Will make special inducements on all our lines during January, 1893. Call early and make your selection as goods will not last long at price we are giving.

HALEY & DREW
NO., 15 FIRST STREET.

THE FAIR

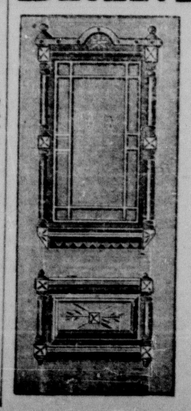
It is well kwown why The Fair Store, Opera House Block, has to sell goods so cheap. It is too expensive to remove goods elsewhere. We will sell our cotton goods, all the best makes, cheaper than they can be bought today at wholesale.

Yard wide Pepprell Muslin, unbleached, per yd., 6½cts.
Indigo Blue Calico - - - per yd., 6cts.
Bleached Crash Linen - - - per yd., 5cts.
Holland Window Shades, made up on patent roller. 2½ yards long and a yard wide, complete, 24cts.
Ladies' Black Seamless Hose - - - 9cts.
Japan work, Ladies' White Handkerchiefs, 2 for 5cts.
Jackson Corset Waists, all sizes, - - 83cts.

Ladies' Jackets and Children's Cloaks at half price. Our Shoe Department is still complete. Come before we are gone.

B. EDELSTEIN, THE FAIR MAN
Opera Block.

BRINK & DEETER CO.,



MANUFACTURERS OF

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Moldings,

AND INTERIOR FINISH

ORDERS FOR STORM SASH SOLICITED !

Brink & Deeter Company,
Telephone No., 54. River Street, Dixon.